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NERVE EXHAUSTION

How We Become Shell-Shocked in Every-Day Life

By PAUL VON BOECKMANN

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, Sexual Science and Nerve Culture

THERE is but one malady more terrible than Nerve Exhaustion, and that is its kin, Insanity. Only those who have passed through a siege of Nerve Exhaustion can understand the true meaning of this statement. It is HELL; no other word can express it. At first, the victim is afraid he will die, and as it grips him deeper, he is afraid he will not die; so great is his mental torture. He becomes panic-stricken and irresolute. A sickening sensation of weakness and helplessness overcomes him. He becomes obsessed with the thought of self-destruction.

Nerve Exhaustion means Nerve Bankruptcy. The wonderful organ we term the Nervous System consists of countless millions of cells. These cells are reservoirs which store a mysterious energy we term Nerve Force. The amount stored represents our Nerve Capital. Every organ works with all its might to keep the supply of Nerve Force in these cells at a high level, for Life itself depends more upon Nerve Force than on the food we eat or even the air we breathe.

If we unduly tax the nerves through overwork, worry, excitement, or grief, or if we subject the muscular system to excessive strain, we consume more Nerve Force than the organs produce, and the natural result must be Nerve Exhaustion.

Nerve Exhaustion is not a malady that comes suddenly. It may be years in developing and the decline is accompanied by unmistakable symptoms, which, unfortunately, cannot readily be recognized. The average person thinks that when his hands do not tremble and his muscles do not twitch, he cannot possibly be nervous. This is a dangerous assumption, for people with hands as solid as a rock and who appear to be in perfect health may be dangerously near Nerve Collapse.

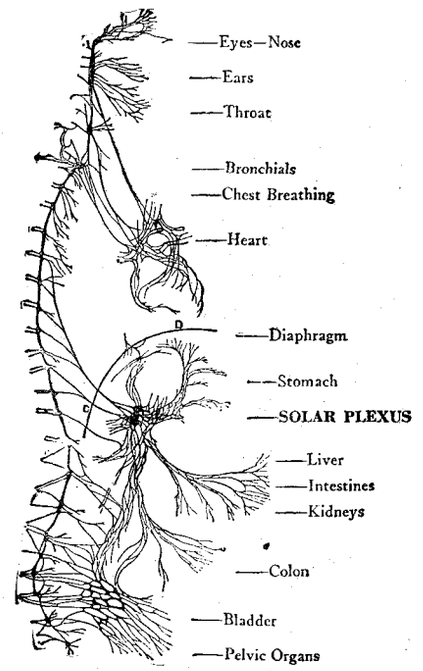
One of the first symptoms of Nerve Exhaustion is the derangement of the Sympathetic Nervous System, the nerve branch which governs the vital organs (see diagram). In other words, the vital organs become sluggish because of insufficient supply of Nerve Energy. This is manifested by a cycle of weaknesses and disturbances in digestion, constipation, poor blood circulation and general muscular lassitude usually being the first to be noticed.

I have for more than thirty years studied the health problem from every angle. My investigations and deductions always brought me back to the immutable truth that Nerve Derangement and Nerve Weakness is the basic cause of nearly every bodily ailment, pain or disorder. I agree with the noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., the author of numerous works on the subject, who says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves be in order."

The great war has taught us how frail the nervous system is, and how sensitive it is to strain, especially mental and emotional strain. Shell Shock, it was proved, does not injure the nerve fibres in themselves. The effect is entirely mental. Thousands lost their reason thereby, over 135 cases from New York alone being in asylums for the insane. Many more thousands became nervous wrecks. The strongest men became paralyzed so that they could not stand, eat or even speak. One-third of all the hospital cases were "nerve cases," all due to excessive strain of the Sympathetic Nervous System.

The mile-a-minute life of to-day, with its worry, hurry, grief and mental tension is exactly the same as Shell Shock, except that the shock is less forcible, but more prolonged, and in the end just as disastrous. Our crowded insane asylums bear witness to the truth of this statement. Nine people out of ten you meet have "frazzled nerves."

Perhaps you have chased from doctor to doctor seeking relief for a mysterious "something the matter with you." Each doctor tells you that there is nothing the matter with you; that every organ is perfect. But you know there **is** something the matter. You feel it, and you act it. You are tired, dizzy, cannot sleep, cannot digest your food and you have pains here and there. You are told you are "run down" and need a rest. Or the doctor may give you a tonic. Leave nerve tonics alone. It is like making a tired horse run by towing him behind an automobile.



The Sympathetic Nervous System

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Our Health, Happiness and Success in life demands that we face these facts understandingly. I have written a 64-page book on this subject which teaches how to protect the nerves from every day Shell Shock. It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves; how to nourish them through proper breathing and other means. The cost of the book is only 25 cents. Bound in cloth, 50 cents. Remit in coin or stamps. See address at the bottom of page. If the book does not meet your fullest expectations, your money will be refunded, plus your outlay of postage.

The book "Nerve Force" solves the problem for you and will enable you to diagnose your troubles understandingly. The facts presented will prove a revelation to you, and the advice given will be of incalculable value to you.

You should send for this book today. It is for you, whether you have had trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living, for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit.

The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"I have been treated by a number of nerve specialists, and have traveled from country to country in an endeavor to restore my nerves to normal. Your little book has done more for me than all other methods combined."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine. I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have reread your book at least ten times."

A woman writes: "Your book has helped my nerves wonderfully. I am sleeping so well and in the morning I feel so rested."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming of nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse, such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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The Outlook

JANUARY 21, 1920

THE JACKSON DAY DINNER

EVERY year the National leaders of the Democratic party celebrate on January 8, known as Jackson Day, the memory of Andrew Jackson, the seventh President of the United States and the first President to be elected as its special representative by the political organization now known as the Democratic party.

January 8 is chosen for this memorial because on January 8, 1815, Jackson won the Battle of New Orleans with a force practically composed of volunteers against a force of picked British regulars. Jackson's memorable victory, in which he showed both military skill and indomitable courage, was the only creditable engagement of the American land forces in the War of 1812. The war was really won on the sea, and the Treaty of Peace between the United States and Great Britain had actually been signed two weeks before the battle was fought—a striking illustration of the difficulty of international communication a century ago. One of the best and most dramatic accounts of Jackson's victory at New Orleans is that given by Theodore Roosevelt in his "Naval War of 1812."

This year the chief celebration of Jackson Day took the form of a great dinner at Washington on the evening of January 8. It was indeed a great dinner in point of numbers, so many desiring to attend that no one banquet hall in Washington was large enough to accommodate the diners, who gathered in two different hotels, the principal speakers making their addresses at each gathering in turn.

MR. BRYAN AND THE PRESIDENT

As might have been expected, the special interest of the dinner was centered in the League of Nations controversy. President Wilson addressed a letter to the great gathering which appears to have made still more unbreakable the deadlock between himself as the chief proponent of an unamended Treaty and Mr. Lodge, the majority leader of the Senate, who stands for radical modifications. In his letter the President again makes it clear that, while he will not object "to interpretations accompanying the act of ratification," he will regard as a rejection of the Treaty any resolutions of the Senate which require its "rewriting" or which "alter its meaning." Mr. Lodge, who had already announced that the Treaty is on its death-bed, declares that the President's letter makes its final demise inevitable, for "there is hardly a line of it which has not been questioned and given many meanings." The President and Mr. Lodge both intimate that the only solution of their deadlock is to refer the question of ratification to the people as an issue of the coming Presidential election.

Mr. Bryan threw a bombshell into the camp of the strict constructionists, and

Paul Thompson

WILLIAM J. BRYAN

incidentally has set the political managers wondering whether he proposes to become a Presidential candidate himself, by taking issue both with the President and Mr. Lodge. He urged immediate ratification on a basis of compromise, and strongly condemned the proposal to make the League of Nations a question of debate in the Presidential campaign. He feels that neither the world, the country, nor the Democratic party can afford to wait that long.

In the meantime, as related on another page, the other Allied nations have ratified the Treaty of Peace, and have begun the actual work of organizing the League of Nations without the United States.

THE PRESIDENT'S CHALLENGE

THE President's letter to the Jackson Day Dinner is a challenge to the Senate. The Constitution of the United States provides that the President "shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." But the President has not asked the advice of the Senate in making the Peace Treaty; he does not ask its consent to the treaty as made. In affirming positively that "the people of this country desire ratification of this Treaty," and that "we must take it without changes which alter its meaning," he asks, not consent, but submission.

We do not think that any one knows whether the people demand the ratification or the rejection of the Treaty. But it is certain that they are weary of the long and unprofitable debate and have no desire to see the question injected into the Presidential campaign.

The duty of the Senate appears to us plain. Eighty Senators, that is, more than two-thirds, have voted for some sort of League, though differing on the question what that League should be. It is the duty of these eighty Senators to see if they can get together on any form of League, and, if so, adopt it. If the President rejects it as amended, the responsibility for its rejection will be with the President. If two-thirds of the Senate cannot agree on any form of treaty, the Treaty will fail and the responsibility will be on the Senate.

The one thing the people do want is to have the question decided and to know whom they can hold responsible for the decision.

THE DEMOCRATS GO TO SAN FRANCISCO

FOR the first time in American history a great National political convention is to be held on the Pacific coast. At the meeting of the Democratic National Committee on January 8, in Washington, Chicago offered "to take care of both wets and drys," and Kansas City, recalling success in caring for the Democrats in 1900, also made a strong appeal. But San Francisco won the Committee's choice. And this for several reasons. On the material side there were:

A certified check for $100,000 and a certain pledge of $25,000 more to defray the Convention's expenses.

The free use of a new auditorium with a seating capacity of 18,000.

Normal hotel rates.

On the political side the reasons were:

To clinch the politics of a State which, in the close election of 1916, turned from being Republican, as before, to

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becoming Democratic and, what is more, gave the necessary electoral votes to put President Wilson in the White House for a second term.

In especial to clinch a possible receptive Presidential candidate from California—Herbert Hoover.

Like the preceding meeting of the Republican National Committee, that of the Democrats came to the same conclusion with regard to a change in the day of the week chosen for beginning the Convention. Hitherto conventions have met on Wednesdays. But the amount of work is too great for four days. At Baltimore the convention had to adjourn for Sunday and reassemble on Monday. So both parties have now chosen Tuesday as the initial day.

As to method of nomination of Presidential candidates, the Democrats, in spite of a stiff fight for a change, have refused to abrogate the two-thirds rule under which Presidential candidates are nominated at Democratic conventions.

Like the Republican Committee's meeting, so the Democratic meeting gave evidence of the women's participation in the party councils, but hardly to the same extent.

The resolutions adopted rejoiced in President Wilson's reported return towards health, approved his efforts to bring peace to the world, sanctioned the Treaty of Versailles, and condemned the Republican leaders in the Senate for their failure "to offer or to permit consideration of interpretative reservations that will preserve the general purpose of the Treaty."

THE CASE OF THE NEW YORK SOCIALISTS

ONE of the signs that the people of America are aroused, partly by fear and partly by wrath, against alien and revolutionary agitators is the suspension of five Socialist members of the New York Assembly. By a resolution adopted immediately after organizing for its coming session, the Assembly (which is the lower house of the New York Legislature) overwhelmingly voted (140 to 6) to deny seats to these duly elected men pending the trial to determine their qualification and eligibility.

Aside from their membership in the Socialist party there were no charges presented against these men as individuals. There is no question that they were legally elected. Briefly stated, the charges are that the Socialist party last August officially adhered to the revolutionary forces of Soviet Russia, and pledged its members to the International Socialists Union; that it has indorsed the principles of the Communist International, which is pledged to the forcible overthrow of all organized governments, and requires its members in their political action to be guided by the constitutional platform of their party, those of its members who hold public office to follow the party's instructions under penalty of expulsion; that such instructions may be given by an executive committee made up in part by aliens; that the Socialist party has declared that the only justifiable use of arms is for the class struggle and has pronounced against the false doctrine of national patriotism; that it urged its members not to take part in the war against Germany; and that it is to the principles of this party, which has been convicted of violation of the Espionage Act of the United States, that these men have subscribed.

Against this action of the Assembly there has been raised a great protest. Most notable among the expressions of this protest is that from Charles Evans Hughes, formerly Governor of New York, Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Republican candidate for President. In his letter to the Speaker of the Assembly he says that "the high prerogative of the Assembly to pass upon the qualifications of its own members should be exercised in accordance with the spirit of our institutions," and that it is contrary, not only to that spirit, but to the fundamental principles of our Government "for a majority to undertake to deny representation to a minority through its representatives elected by ballots lawfully cast." In his judgment it is not American government to attempt to indict a political party. If men are plotting against the Government, let them be ferreted out and punished according to our laws. But he regards it as a serious mistake to proceed against masses of our citizens combined for political action. As one "utterly opposed to Socialism and in entire sympathy with every effort to put down violence and crime," Mr. Hughes asks:

> Are Socialists, unconvicted of crime, to be denied the ballot? If Socialists are permitted to vote, are they not permitted to vote for their own candidates? . . . Is it proposed to drive the Socialists to revolution by denying them participation in the means we have provided for orderly discussion of proposed changes in our laws?

On second thought some of the members of the Assembly voted to reconsider their action, but, by virtually a party vote, the Republicans being in the majority, the Assembly refused to allow these Socialists to exercise the functions of Assemblymen pending their trial.

EVEN IF LAWFUL, IS IT WISE?

THERE seems to be no doubt that the Assembly is acting within its lawful rights in refusing these Socialists their seats. There is precedent for such action, though there is no exactly similar case in our history, so far as we know. Victor Berger has just been denied his seat in Congress after being elected, rejected by Congress, and elected again. In that case, however, the charge was that as an individual he had given "aid and comfort to the enemy" and had been convicted of this crime at court of law, and that therefore, under the provisions of the Constitution, he was personally ineligible to his seat. In the case of Brigham H. Roberts, which arose in Congress in 1898, the ground alleged and proved was statutory disqualification, because he himself had violated a law and continued to violate the law. In neither of these cases was the man allowed to exercise the prerogatives of a legislator pending his trial.

Much may be said on behalf of the Assembly action, if the question is confined merely to parliamentary power; and even on legal technical grounds there may be something to be urged in favor of suspending these men while their case is tried. Much of the criticism of the Assembly has evidently been based on a misunderstanding of the action. These men have not been expelled; they have simply been told that they cannot vote or otherwise act as legislators while the charges against them are under investigation. They are not accused merely of belonging to a party which advocates policies that the majority do not approve, but rather of being personally, by virtue of their membership in the Socialist party, committed to doctrines that are violently subversive of the very institutions which as legislators they are sworn to defend.

It is hardly necessary to say that we have no sympathy whatever with such Communists as Mr. Bocock describes in his article in this issue; and we hope it is unnecessary to say that we have no sympathy with the Socialist party in America. It has been wittily said that the difference between German Socialists and American Socialists is that the German Socialists were Germans first and internationalists second, while American Socialists have been internationalists first and Germans second. The record of the Socialist party in the war has justified this statement. It has driven from its ranks men like Spargo and Stokes, and has exalted into power men like Berger. There is nothing in the recent record of the party to arouse on its behalf in the minds of stalwart Americans either sympathy or respect. Nevertheless, the rather strange phenomenon has appeared of vigorous anti-Socialist Americans, whose loyalty and patriotism nobody can question, coming to the defense of these five Socialists against the almost unanimous action of the State Legislature's lower house. That of itself seems to indicate

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that the Assembly's action was inadvisable and inexpedient, to say the least.

The object of any such action by the Legislature, or either of its branches, must be to preserve the institutions of our land and to defend the Government and the people against those who by violence or other direct action would overthrow those institutions. The vote of the Assembly has apparently not achieved that object. It has tended rather to defeat that object by giving the revolutionary radicals the impression that they have succeeded in driving the public into a state of panic, and in providing an object-lesson to support their argument that those who are discontented and oppressed cannot hope to get any real change by political methods, but must resort to violence. Unfortunately this action will not merely give these "Red" radicals satisfaction, but will impress a large number of men with the belief that the "Reds" must be right and that violence and revolution are the only available means to secure the ends of justice. The wrath of the people and their representatives against treason, sedition, disloyalty, and violence will be all the more effective if it is coupled with restraint and wisdom.

PROHIBITION ENFORCEMENT

JOHN BARLEYCORN still struggles for a new lease on life. Some who are not his personal friends are taking up the cudgels in his behalf because of the belief that the Constitutional Amendment is a denial of legal and moral rights. Governor Smith, of New York State, for instance, urges in a message to the Legislature that New York's ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment be submitted to a popular referendum. He does not advise this on the ground that a State has the right to withdraw its ratification of an amendment which has been legally adopted, but that the Eighteenth Amendment has never been legally made a part of our Constitution.

Certain States which ratified the Eighteenth Amendment by a legislative action have provisions in their constitution providing for popular referendums on constitutional questions. It is possible, Governor Smith believes, that enough States may reverse the action of the legislatures by this method to reduce the number of ratifying States below the necessary two-thirds. Since certificates of ratification of the Prohibition Amendment have been filed from all the States in the Union except New Jersey, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, Governor Smith's proposition would require a change in at least thirteen States to make the ratification ineffective. It is only a very optimistic "wet" who can consider that the Eighteenth Amendment is still an open question.

In the meantime there has been introduced in the New York State Legislature a practical duplicate of the Volstead Act designed to make effective the State's "concurrent action" in the enforcement of the Federal Amendment.

Newspaper reports announce that in New Jersey Governor Edwards and his advisers are preparing a bill providing that beers and wines containing five per cent of alcohol may be manufactured and consumed within their State.

Federal regulations issued in regard to the enforcement of the Volstead Act provide that liquor "for personal use only" cannot be kept in storage warehouses, safe deposit vaults, and other convenient places, but must be kept within the bounds of the owner's residence. If an owner of legally acquired liquor, that is, liquor bought prior to July 1, 1919, desires to move it from one residence to another, he must secure a permit from the Government for this purpose.

(C) International

HERBERT HOOVER, FORMER FOOD ADMINISTRATOR

The Supreme Court has denied permission to the Retail Liquor Dealers' Association of New Jersey to bring suit in that court to determine the constitutionality of the Prohibition Amendment. The Attorney-General of Rhode Island has filed with the Supreme Court a brief questioning the validity of the ratification of the Amendment and the validity of the passage of the original resolution by Congress which brought the Prohibition Amendment before the States for action.

THE PEACE TREATY AND LEAGUE COVENANT IN FORCE

ON January 10, at the Clock Hall of the French Foreign Ministry, ratifications of the Peace Treaty with Germany (including, of course, the Covenant of the League of Nations) signed by the representatives of twenty-eight countries at Versailles on June 28, 1919, were exchanged and deposited by Baron Kurt von Lersner for Germany on the one hand and the representatives of fourteen of the Allied and Associated Nations on the other. These fourteen nations were: Great Britain, France, Italy, Japan, Belgium, Bolivia, Brazil, Guatemala, Panama, Peru, Poland, Siam, Czechoslovakia, and Uruguay.

Previously Germany's delegate signed a special protocol relating to the Scapa Flow reparation.

The ceremony was formal in the extreme. In declaring the Treaty of Versailles in effect M. Clemenceau also declared that its terms "will be executed integrally."

In remarks made after the signing of the Treaty Baron von Lersner called attention to the fact that the United States was the only large Power among those that had been actively engaged in warfare against Germany which was not a signatory to the Treaty. He deprecated the possibility of any revengeful feelings actuating the Allies in the enforcement of the provisions of the Treaty which penalize Germany, and asserted that Germany would bend her energies solely to industrial effort and the restoration of normal civil life.

There was no pretense by the delegates of the Allies, at this final completion of peace between the signatory nations, of cordiality of feeling or tender sympathy toward the government or people of Germany. By criminal plotting and by criminal acquiescence those leaders and followers are blood-guilty. They regret to-day their failure to win, but they have yet to show evidence that they regard their design to destroy liberty and subject Europe to their rule as atrocious and villainous.

As provided in the Treaty itself, President Wilson almost immediately (January 10) issued a call for the first meeting of the Council of the League of Nations to meet at Paris on January 16. The only nation neutral in the war to be represented is Spain; the others are France, Great Britain, Italy, Belgium, Japan, Greece, and Brazil. The first work of the Council will be to establish the several Commissions, the naming of which is left to the Council by the terms of the Treaty.

THE POORHOUSE OF EUROPE

AS Mr. Hoover has said, Austria is "the poorhouse of Europe." He was probably also thinking of the economic hardships involved in the narrow boundaries established for her by the Paris Peace Conference.

Austria does not wish to appeal to us as an object of charity. She offers her art

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galleries as security for food. She is willing to mortgage her forests, her water power facilities, her tobacco monopoly, and even the collections of customs. For only one-fifth of her people are self-supporting in food. The total estimated requirements for Austrian relief amount to $100,000,000. The British participation in supplying the requisite tonnage and some relief supplies should reduce this amount to about $70,000,000. We can and should supply the $70,000,000—in food.

The conditions in Poland are hardly less desperate, because of the failure of the wheat and potato crops. In Armenia the situation is worse than ever. At present 700,000 destitute people are being kept alive by charity from this and other countries. Any relief undertaken by us anywhere must of course be primarily a question of supplying food.

We can do this. The Government's Grain Corporation has a large surplus of wheat flour, acquired by it under the wheat guaranty, which, in the ordinary course, would be held for cash from foreign nations. But Congress can empower the corporation to sell wheat and flour on credit to meet the acute situation; and the difference between cash and credit to Austria, Poland, and Armenia would be the difference between starvation and existence. The Grain Corporation should be authorized to deliver food and relief supplies to the amount of at least $150,000,000. This plan would feed Europe until next harvest without imposing any burden upon American taxpayers. Appearing before the House Committee, which has already begun consideration of Secretary Glass's request for authority to advance this amount from the Grain Corporation fund, Mr. Hoover again puts forth his recommendation that American families with relatives in Central and Eastern Europe should buy "food drafts," interchangeable abroad for a barrel of flour or other food to supplement that otherwise rationed by our authorities, and to serve as a substitute for cash remittance.

THE SWISS ARE UNALTERABLY REPUBLICAN

MARC PETER, of Geneva, is to be Minister at Washington in succession to Dr. Hans Sulzer, the present able representative. M. Peter has been a member of the Swiss Parliament and has also held several important political positions in the canton of Geneva.

It happens that at the same time Switzerland has a new President, Giuseppe Motta. This is not the first time that Signor Motta has been President. In 1915 he filled the highest office with distinction, and his re-election is hailed with satisfaction (no Swiss President is re-

International

DR. GIUSEPPE MOTTA, SWITZERLAND'S NEW PRESIDENT

eligible for the prescribed term of one year until after another year has expired). As his name indicates, he comes from the canton of Ticino, comprising Italian-speaking Switzerland. He is the youngest man and the first Roman Catholic as well as the first Ticinese ever to reach the Presidency. He symbolizes racial collaboration on a purely democratic and republican foundation. When the war broke out, he admitted that there must be racial leanings in Switzerland towards Switzerland's various neighbors. But, as he vigorously added, the Swiss are before all *Swiss;* they examine events impartially and objectively from a purely democratic and republican point of view.

We find this attitude illustrated in the report that some thousands of Swiss soldiers fought in the recent war on the French side. These soldiers, we learn, by no means originated only from the French and Italian speaking cantons. A high authority says that half of them, it may be assumed, came from the German-speaking part of Switzerland.

It cannot be too often repeated that the racial and linguistic affinities of the French-speaking Swiss to the French, of the German-speaking Swiss to the Germans, and of the Italian-speaking Swiss to the Italians are insignificant compared with the attachment of the Swiss people as a whole to those nations whose government, like that of Switzerland, is under popular control and in particular is republican in form.

This explains why there has been no report of any cases during the World War of Swiss citizens fighting on the side of Germany.

International

MARC PETER, THE NEW SWISS MINISTER TO THE UNITED STATES

PREMIER HARA'S STATEMENT

KEI HARA, the Japanese Prime Minister, has just made a statement concerning Japan's position with regard to Russia. He declares, as reported in the Chicago "Tribune:"

> While Japan hopes to harmonize her military action in Siberia with that of America, and to square it with the general anti-Bolshevist policy, under no circumstances can she permit the Red influence . . . to touch her borders. We must protect ourselves against it as we would against a great scourge. The collapse of the Kolchak Government indicates that Japan and the Allies have been deceived. . . . Nor can the Allies' future policy in European Bolshevist Russia be prophesied. But Japan's own position must be clear. A Moscow Government determined to spread its doctrines over the world and to bring revolutions everywhere must not touch our borders; . . . We must protect ourselves.

More interesting is the Prime Minister's further statement:

> Japan has absolutely no territorial ambitions in Siberia, and will not take a single square foot of territory. The minute the Red menace is settled she will withdraw every soldier.

Most interesting of all was the Prime Minister's pronouncement concerning a possible Japano-Russo-German alliance. The rumor that Japan is secretly negotiating such an alliance is, according to the Premier, "wholly unfounded." He proceeded:

> As near as I can discover, it is German propaganda to try to work up jealousies and suspicion among the Allies. Recently we have heard tales of German officers and aviators employed for the Japanese army. As near as it is possible to trace these they have originated from certain Germans applying for passport *visés* at neutral consulates in Europe, announcing that they were German officers *en route* to join the Japanese army. There is not a single German officer or aviator being employed by the Japanese

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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ON TO WASHINGTON!

Kirby in the New York World

NAILING DOWN THE LID

Knott in the Dallas (Texas) News

HAPPY DAYS!

THE OBJECT LESSON

Kirby in the New York World

DR. HOOVER'S PRESCRIPTION

From the World (London)

Doctors Big Three: "You have a bad Russian abscess, madam."
Dame Europe: "Are you going to operate?"
Doctors Big Three: "Far better leave it to cure itself."

THE "BIG THREE'S" PRESCRIPTION

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army and there is no intention of employing any.

Finally, with regard to China in general and Shantung in particular, the Prime Minister declared:

> Japan absolutely pledges to give up all territory and to take out her troops. She will retain only her commercial interests and the concessions which belong to Germany.

Be it noted that these statements proceed from no Japanese statesman suspected of favoring foreign prejudices, but from one who is aggressively Japanese in his tastes.

WASTE WITHOUT SPEED

"KILL waste and save taxes" is a capital motto for future National and individual expenditure. While the war was on speed and results were more important than cheapness. No one would or could scrutinize too closely expenditure for war purposes provided the outgo brought results and brought them quickly. Unhappily, there is too much reason to believe that much of the war expenditure was both wasteful and slothful.

A startling example of this is found in statements in a unanimous report of a Committee of Five of the United States Senate which has lately completed its investigation into the affairs of the United States Housing Corporation. The report contains not a word of excuse for the waste and extravagance alleged against this Corporation. It makes such charges as these: That it was asked that the house rented by the Government should be of a temporary character for the most part, but that the Corporation "made the exception the rule and erected practically all buildings of permanent character." Speed was pointed out in the contracts as the chief aim in emergency housing, but the first single residence erected was occupied on January 1, 1919, two months after the armistice, eight months after the money had been appropriated, six months after the Corporation had been created. Such absurdities in emergency house building were found as the inclusion of electric door-openers, kitchen cabinets, and patent clothes-driers, while garages were common. The plans were such as would suit a permanent model town; thus, "the street plan of one project was redrafted seven times to obtain the correct curve of street and 'orientation' of blocks." Architects were employed without any reference to the nearness of their offices to the proposed work, as, for instance, the case in which a man from Brookline, Massachusetts, was employed to design housing plans at Vallejo, California, and of course the Government paid all traveling expenses. The Senate Committee recommends that civil suits should be brought against architects in many cases to recover sums to which the Committee finds the architects have no right.

If this report is anything like a fair specimen of the way in which the billions of money were spent by the Administration in its war projects, there is assuredly need of a thorough opening up of the subject to the public gaze. Every citizen in the country was willing to spend money like water to win the war, and it is admitted that some waste and some fraud were inevitable under the pressure of war upon a non-prepared country; but if there was waste without result and lavishness tainted with dishonesty, the people will want to know the facts.

MAUD POWELL

IT is not merely because she was a woman that Maud Powell gained distinction as a violinist. It is true that there have been very few women among

Paul Thompson

MAUD POWELL

distinguished violinists; and it is also true that she was the first American woman whose distinction as a violinist was generally recognized. Her fine reputation was due primarily to the fact that she succeeded in practicing the theory that art need not sacrifice the highest standards in order to win popular appreciation. She loved her art and believed in it so thoroughly that she was willing to intrust it to the verdict of the plain people. And her faith in her art was justified.

When she died on January 8, she was less than fifty-two years old. In private life Mrs. Godfrey Turner, she was still known as Maud Powell in public. She was born in Peru, Illinois, lived for a while at Aurora, Illinois, and at nine years of age began her musical education in Chicago. This she continued in Leipsic and Paris. When later in London Joachim, the great violinist, heard her play, he saw in her not merely precocity but the gift of the artist, and invited her to receive special instruction from him.

Since 1885, the year of her début, her worth has been recognized. She overcame the disadvantages of being acclaimed because she was a curiosity as a woman by being a thorough musician. She played with nearly all the great orchestras of her time as soloist and with practically every great conductor. It is probable, however, that she obtained more satisfaction from the fact that she could interpret the greatest works of musical art to all kinds of audiences than from any external honors that she received.

A GREAT SPANISH NOVELIST

BY the death of Benito Pérez Galdós Spain loses her foremost man of letters.

A group of his plays was included in a review of "Spanish Dramatists of To-Day" in The Outlook of December 31, 1919.

Born in 1845 in the Canary Islands, Galdós went to Madrid to study law, but soon turned to literature. He became a singularly prolific and influential writer. In his historical novels he has long been in Spanish literature what Sir Walter Scott is in English literature. The "Episodios Nacionales" comprise some twenty stories in which, with wonderful historical fidelity and yet rarely with oppressive detail, Galdós recounts the events of the Peninsular War. Of the volumes of this series, "Zaragoza" has been translated into English under the English title "Saragossa;" its reading should tempt many an American to learn Spanish if for nothing more than to enjoy the other volumes. The success of the series was so unquestionable as to induce Galdós to write other series of historical novels; they bringing his epopee through the nineteenth century.

Aside from the domain of the historical novel Galdós also ranks high as a writer of realistic, romantic, and psychological romance. "Doña Perfecta" is probably his best-known work. In it and in "La Familia de León Roch" he has described the popular conception of religion, and with great power has painted the portraits of priests. He contrasts the old and inveterately conservative Spain with the revolutionary ideas of a new era. Especially does he show forth

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the curious mixture of respect and yet abhorrence with which men in Spain regard the Church. The many novels by Galdós of this kind form a sort of Spanish "Comédie Humaine," and he has often been compared with Balzac.

While Galdós as a purely literary artist was somewhat inferior in his plays, the anti-sacerdotal tendencies of some of them, coinciding with the prevailing passions of the day, became touchstones of popular feeling and led to agitations of an anti-clerical bias. Hence latterly Galdós has been even better known as a playwright than as a novelist.

A MISSISSIPPI MESSAGE

A FULL-PAGE advertisement has appeared in the "Commercial Appeal" of Memphis, Tennessee, from which we quote the following:

> We, the undersigned citizens of Greenville and Washington County, Mississippi, hold it to be self-evident that the rational contentment, prosperity, and progress of the laboring classes of any country or community are essential factors in the permanent prosperity and progress of such country or community as a whole.
>
> This is just as true where the bulk of such laboring population are Negroes as it is where they are white. In such case there is the additional essential of good relations between the two races, and of a policy on the part of the white man which will inspire in the Negro, not only respect, but confidence, loyalty, and esteem as well.
>
> It follows that in our territory every proper policy and means should be adopted by the white race which look to the sane encouragement of the Negroes among us, regardless of class or condition, whether laborers or not, in their legitimate aspirations, to the end that they may be made to realize a community of interest with the white people, and may feel a well-grounded confidence in our interest in their welfare. . . .
>
> This Committee will serve as a permanent medium through which a proper and useful connection may be established between the business and industrial life of the white community and the wants and needs and general activities of our colored population.
>
> We declare it to be the purpose of this Committee to co-operate with our Negroes in the promotion of their efforts toward the general betterment and the moral and material progress of their people.
>
> This Committee as a whole, or any individual member of it, will give a patient and considerate hearing to any suggestion, proposition, or question along the lines above indicated, from any respectable Negro of this community. This is an invitation to the confidence of the Negroes of Greenville and Washington County, extended by this Committee in behalf of the white people of the community.

This advertisement was contributed by the Executive Committee of the Industrial Welfare Committee of the Greenville Chamber of Commerce, and was signed by school officials, lawyers, manufacturers, planters, cotton factors, ministers, editors, and physicians. The city of Memphis, where this advertisement was published, is the industrial and commercial center of the whole tributary region in which the city of Greenville and Washington County, Mississippi, are located. Greenville itself is one of the most progressive and modern cities of its size in the South. Its well-lighted streets and its good roads are evidently a tangible expression of the progressiveness and public spirit manifested in the advertisement from which we have quoted. The work of the Greenville Committee is along the same line as that which has been carried on by the Memphis Committee for the past three years. It is gratifying to record the spread of this excellent work for the improvement of race relationship.

AGAIN THE TREE OF LIGHT

THE holidays have come and gone, and for the eighth time the Tree of Light appeared in Madison Square, in New York City, with its Christmas message. It was not till 1912 that this custom was started, but it has already become a fine tradition.

The tree came from Long Island on the largest army truck available, with two ammunition wagons helping—a happier load than they are wont to carry. Christmas Eve was stormy and cold, yet more than eight hundred people went to Madison Square and waited in the falling snow for the lighting of their tree and the community "sing." On other nights there was music by the Salvation Army band and by a little group of Italians who begged to be allowed to sing at the tree. "We'll bring a gay blanket," urged one of them, "and spread it on the snow for our little portable organ, and my wife and I and our friends will sing, and the people can sing with us." And on New Year's Eve more than two thousand people met at their tree, watching the clock in the great tower as midnight came closer, turning each to his neighbor to wish him a "Happy New Year," with an eye on the tree whose lights just then went out. Quietly, slowly, the crowd dispersed, stopping at the street for a last look back at their tree. In its place the "Star of Hope" will shine until next December.

The erecting of the tree by a group of anonymous idealists goes on year after year, bringing holiday greetings and happiness to the many friendless people in the great city. On Christmas Eve, when it is lighted for the first time, or on one of the evenings when there is a band concert or a "sing," go into Madison Square and watch the people coming to their tree. Many of those who assemble there come alone, but they share the tree's two gifts of music and light, and, with a thought of those for whom it burned, gaze at the star at the very top—for, instead of white, this year it was a gold star in honor of the men who gave their lives that the world might have peace.

The community tree is not New York's alone. Such an idea could not be limited to one city. It has spread to every State, to many foreign countries, till it has become almost a world custom. But to all who witnessed the scene in Madison Square this special tree had a special message, a bit of the Christmas spirit that is very deep and very real. It was an anonymous expression of the soul of New York, giving cheer to the friendless and the lonely. For it was done by people who have the spirit of Christmas in their hearts.

THE REMEDY FOR RADICALISM

OUR Southern ports were formerly visited every year by yellow fever. We established a quarantine to keep the fever out. Victims we isolated that they might not propagate it. But, in spite of quarantine and isolation, every fall saw the tragedy of sickness, suffering, and death repeated. Then some wise and self-sacrificing men took up the task of ascertaining the cause and providing a cure. Some men cheerfully gave their lives in this endeavor. The germ-carrying mosquito was discovered and exterminated. And now the quarantine is discontinued, there are no victims to be isolated, and the annual tragedy is no more.

Which is a parable.

Bolshevism is an epidemic. It regards the capitalist as a robber and to despoil him of his plunder as a virtue. The owner of property is a criminal; he is disfranchised. All industry must be carried on by the state under an absolute dictator; all citizens are the servants of the state and must fulfill the tasks which the dictator allots to them.

This is Russian Bolshevism as Lenine defines it in his official message to his constituents. Identical with it is American Bolshevism. The programme of the Federation of Unions of Russian Workers in the United States, authoritatively published by the Attorney-General, thus defines its spirit:

> We hate religion because it lulls the spirit with lying tales.
>
> We declare war upon all gods and religious fables. We are atheists.
>
> We hate authority, that eternal preserver of slavery and foe of freedom.
>
> For all there is one means—an avowed

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insurrection and forcible seizure of all instruments and products of toil.

Kindle and maintain the conflagration of civil war until we have torn up by the roots capitalism and government.

The article on another page by Mr. Bocock, a Special Agent of the Department of Justice, makes it perfectly clear that these utterances are identical in principle with the platform of the Communist Party in the United States.

We ought to establish a quarantine against this fever. If any dangerous victims despite our quarantine cross our border, we have a right to send them back to their native land; if any remain, we have a right to isolate them lest they propagate the disease. But deportation and repression are but temporary expedients against a constantly recurring invasion. Both have been tried in Russia with disastrous results.

The duty of the statesman is to ascertain the cause and prescribe a cure.

Two co-operating causes we can clearly see: Social injustice and a false idealism. It is significant that Bolshevism was born in a land which has been cursed by both. There has been no greater social injustice practiced in the civilized world than in Russia, and nowhere a wilder idealism taught.

But America cannot cast the first stone. In America passion for money-making has ground up children to make cheap goods; has harnessed women to the industrial machine until our own Supreme Court interfered to declare that greed should not rob woman of her womanhood and her wifehood; has set men to work twelve, fourteen, even sixteen hours in the day; has paid wages so small that no industry and no economy could enable the worker to provide a healthful and happy home for his wife and children; has excluded cheap goods in order to protect the laborer from foreign competition and done little or nothing to protect him from cutthroat competition at home; has allowed its great natural resources—its coal, gold, silver, copper, iron, forests, and water-power—to fall into the hands of individual owners without any provision for securing to the people a fair share of the people's wealth; has suffered an invisible government to grow up which has ruled the visible Government and threatened the Nation with the dangers of plutocracy. Many of these evils have been remedied; others are in the way of remedy; still others remain to be remedied. But such wrongs leave not only scars behind, but inflammations and fevers which only time and impartial justice can cure. The Sinn Feiners of to-day are the natural results of English injustice to Ireland a hundred years ago.

The fundamental social injustices into which America unconsciously fell, which in some sense it inevitably inherited, we cannot better state than in a sentence copied from a contribution to The Outlook for January 7—"A Capitalist's Confession of Faith"—the author of which, Mr. Miller, also with equal clearness and brevity stated the cure:

The wrong. "Whatever the reasons for it, I believe no thoughtful man will deny that, though there may be exceptions, the grand rule for the division of the new wealth created by enterprise is that labor has from the beginning got just so much as was necessary to get the work done, and that capital has taken the rest."

The remedy. "I take it that we can make a new rule something like this: Capital shall have such part of new wealth produced by industry as shall induce it to continue in the business and develop it. All of the rest shall go to labor."

If capitalists would take this advice of one of their number, take the workers into their confidence, treat them as co-workers, share with them on this basis the profits of the joint industry, and also share with them a knowledge of the business and a voice in its administration, they would do more to cure American Bolshevism than any acts of Congress or any teaching of philosophy.

But if we would cure Bolshevism we must not only have action which will re-enforce our teachings, we must also have teaching to interpret our action.

Righteous force must resist unrighteous force. But only right ideas can resist wrong ideas. A passionate and skillful propaganda has been conducted to spread revolutionary ideas, and an equally passionate and skillful propaganda should be conducted to resist revolutionary ideas. In our great polyglot population there are many who have brought with them a hatred of all authority because the authority which they have known has been conscienceless and cruel; a hatred of the church because the church they have known has been an ally, if not an instrument, of oppression. America must show them an authority which is the protector of the poor and the emancipator of the oppressed; and must show them a church which is a friend of men and an instrument of freedom.

In this campaign for emancipation we ought to allow no teacher in our public schools or our State universities who has not given satisfactory evidence that he believes in the fundamental principles of our social order as defined by the Declaration of Independence—the inalienable right of all men to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; and by Lincoln's Gettysburg speech—government of the people, by the people, and for the people.

We ought to provide schools for our adult population to teach them the English language and inculcate in them the American love of liberty. Many corporations are providing such schools for their working people. The Government might well furnish teachers for any corporation which will provide a schoolroom and school time during wage-earning hours for study. And the country might well, by Constitutional amendment if necessary, allow only citizens to vote, and no one to become a citizen who cannot read the English language and does not understand and approve the American ideals of liberty, equality, and fraternity. And it might further reasonably deport any immigrant who, after, say, two years' residence, has not taken steps to become a naturalized citizen.

A Hebrew prophet promises that God will give his Church the heathen for their inheritance. He has done so, and we do not like the bequest. If we regarded the atheistic and revolutionary Russians in our land as an inheritance instead of a burden, we should find our problem changed. In Ponce, Porto Rico, there is a Methodist church maintained by an American congregation which uses its lecture room for the American worshipers and its large church audience room as a Bible school and church for the less privileged population in the midst of which it is situated. This is an example which the churches might well imitate in every town where there is a considerable foreign population. It would reverse the proportion that is now generally to be found.

And we can all in our daily intercourse show to our guests of the Nation the hospitality so graphically described by Katherine Henry in The Outlook of January 7 in the article entitled "The 'American' in Americanization:"

In speaking to a teacher in an evening school for foreigners I said, "I don't see how you can teach all day and then again in the evening." She replied: "If you could see the eagerness and gratitude and the courtesy of even the most uncouth man in my room, you'd see why I *love* them and why the evening is a pleasure and not a task."

If we treat these immigrants as a mere fraction of our industrial machinery, appointed to use our tools in order to make dividends for us, we shall be helping the unscrupulous agitator to make Bolshevists. If we treat them as our brothers and meet their eagerness to learn with an equal eagerness to teach, we shall learn to love them and shall find making Americans of them a pleasure, not a task.

We may protect ourselves temporarily from criminal Bolshevism by deportation and repression.

But we can cure Bolshevism only by justice, education, and the fraternal spirit.

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A BIT OF HISTORY

HENRY FORD is reported to have stated on the witness stand under oath in a recent picturesque lawsuit that, in his opinion, "history is all bunk." It sometimes seems as if some of our statesmen at Washington entertain the same notion.

Nevertheless we venture to think that there is one episode in our National history which they might well recall to mind in their discussion of the Peace Treaty and the fateful consequences of world reconstruction which hang upon it.

At the close of the Civil War the American people faced a problem greater even than the war itself. It was the problem of reconstruction. How were the Southern States to be brought into right relations again with the Nation? How was the social, political, and industrial life of the South to be reorganized and set going again in a normal and progressive fashion?

Abraham Lincoln had broad and far-seeing views about these vital questions. He would have pursued a policy of conciliation and co-operation. He regarded the Southern States and the Southern people not as permanent enemies against whom the Nation must be prepared to defend its rights by force of arms, but as friends and neighbors temporarily estranged who should be welcomed back into the society of States as rapidly, as confidently, as genuinely, as possible. What Lincoln could have done if he had lived no man knows. Perhaps the passions of the time might have been too implacable for even his long-suffering and charitable idealism. But every man knows that conciliation and co-operation in methods combined with patient but adamantine adherence to a moral principle were the outstanding characteristics of his statesmanship. Three days before his death Lincoln said in a speech at the White House:

> We all agree that the seceded States, so called, are out of their proper practical relation with the Union and that the sole object of the Government—civil and military—in regard to those States is to again get them into that proper practical relation. I believe that it is not only possible, but in fact easier, to do this without deciding or even considering whether these States have ever been out of the Union than with it. Finding themselves safely at home, it would be utterly immaterial whether they had ever been abroad.

But Charles Sumner, Senator from Massachusetts, would have none of this. The North had fought for National sovereignty, had won National sovereignty, and must maintain National sovereignty, was his battle-cry. The American Constitution and American freedom must be protected! The South must be treated as a conquered territory! His comment upon Lincoln's speech was literally, "Alas! Alas!"

Lincoln was succeeded by Andrew Johnson, a man with a single-track mind, and with a kind of dogmatic Southern Presbyterian belief in predestination and in himself as the predestinator. But he had some of the qualities of a statesman, for, while he was a stanch Union man, he had vision enough to see the wisdom of Lincoln's policy towards reconstruction and the sincerity really to endeavor to put it into effect. But it was inevitable that he should get into a row with Sumner and, through Sumner, with the entire Senate. For Sumner, although a scholar, a gentleman, and a patriot, was singularly narrow-minded in some respects; convinced that his view and his way were always right in every detail; certainly an exasperating man to work with; a democratic American in theory, but intellectually an aloof and even arrogant aristocrat. Charles Francis Adams says of him: "Quite unconsciously on his part he assumed an attitude of moral superiority and intellectual certainty, in no way compatible with a proper appreciation of the equality of others."

Sumner not only quarreled with Johnson, but exasperated Grant. The latter once said with grim humor when Sumner was criticised in his presence for lack of faith in the Bible: "Well, he didn't write it."

Sumner did not write the plan of those who would have placed only moderate reservations on Southern amnesty and the reconstruction of the Union, and Johnson would not conciliate or confer with him. Johnson held that the work of reconstruction was an Executive function; Sumner, that it was Senatorial or Congressional. Johnson asserted that the new covenant of the league of States which the Civil War made necessary should be framed and put in operation by the President; Sumner assumed that he himself, with the aid of Congress, should do it. And so, because an obstinate President insisted upon dotting every i and crossing every t in reconstruction legislation, and a Senator from Massachusetts with equal obstinacy insisted that his should be the hand to cross the t's and dot the i's, the country was plunged into a ten years' chaos of carpetbag government, bloody-shirt oratory, force-bill legislation, and Kuklux outrages. The quarrel between President Johnson and Senator Sumner did as much, if not more, to undermine real Americanism and National solidarity as even the Civil War itself.

President Johnson suffered the most from this partisan quarrel. He was impeached, but, happily for the country, acquitted; he died unlamented; and, in spite of the patriotic work which he did to preserve the Union, his Presidency is looked back upon by his countrymen with mortification.

The memory of Charles Sumner, the scholar in politics from Massachusetts, is held in respect; in point of intellect he stands in the front rank of American statesmen; but he is certainly one of the coldest and least sympathetic of the great figures of the Civil War period.

Sometimes a bit of history of this kind throws light upon present-day problems.

HOW?

THE following letter, somewhat condensed, expresses dramatically an inquiry as common as human life and as old as Job's cry: "Oh that I knew where I might find him!"

> Can't you let in some light upon one who grows weary with praying, "Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief"? Can one attain the trust in a living God, which shall conquer the body and bring strength and peace to the mind, in the midst of the material hurts of life?
>
> Life is a lightning express to which a little individual is clinging, holding on with a grip which cannot unloose, dragged, dashed, flung from side to side, helpless, bruised, torn. And the train does not know—does not care. Life is a forest, wild and dark, with fierce animals and stealthy serpents; with undergrowth, tangles, wind, rain; and the individual is lost therein, frightened, bewildered, hopeless, groping. And the forest does not know—does not care. Life is hell. The individual has tried to keep close to God, to believe in the still, small voice, in the divine Comforter. The individual has sworn—holding on desperately—I will not let thee go unless thou bless me. And the train only goes the faster; the forest closes in more densely than ever; the torments of hell become more and more unendurable.
>
> Is there a personal God who cares? If there is, how can one get hold of him and practice his presence?

To this outcry Jesus gave his disciples a very clear answer. When one of them asked him, How wilt thou manifest thyself to us and not to the world? he replied: "If a man love me, he will keep my words: and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him." What are his words? "As the Father has sent me, even so send I you." To accept his mission as our mission and carry into our life the spirit he carried into his life is the way to find God.

That his professed disciples should have failed to follow their Master's direction is not strange. But it is strange that they should so often have reversed it. He came into the world and found God there. They have retired from the world to seek God in the cave, the forest, and the cell. He went with his fellow-men to the house of worship, and he must have

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worshiped with them, for he who hated hypocrisy could never have played the hypocrite. But he also went with men to their homes and their workshops; met farmers in their fields, fishermen in their boats, traders in their market-places. He found God in all places and among all classes of people. He found God in the gatherings of sinners as truly as in the gatherings of saints, met his Father in the companionship of devout souls at a supper table; but also shared his supper with publicans and sinners and found God there. It was of little children whose life character was yet unformed that he said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven;" it was to a miscellaneous audience of all sorts and conditions of men that he said, "The kingdom of God is within you;" it was to men proud of their piety that he said, The harlots shall go into the kingdom of heaven before you; it was to a woman of the town who had crept into his presence as he sat at meat and anointed his feet with ointment and wiped them with the hairs of her head that he said, "Thy faith hath saved thee." He carried courage to the timid, hope to the despairing, love to the loveless. He saw the germs of a divine sonship in the least likely, and by his faith in them warmed these germs into a fruitful life. His life was one long sacrifice—a life of service to men, hope for men, love for men, and then to his disciples he said: Look for God where I have looked for him; in a life of self-forgetfulness, a life of love, service, and sacrifice, you will find him.

Where Jesus was God is, loving his children, serving his children, living with his children, that he may inspire them with his life. Would you find God? Go where God is and join him in the work which he is doing. This is the way to find him. You say, "Life is an express train;" find on that train some mother with her little children who also is "dragged, dashed, flung from side to side," and help her to care for them. You say, "Life is a forest, wild and dark;" carry into that forest the spirit of a pioneer, clear out some of the undergrowth, fight the fierce animals, make it a habitable home for future generations. You say, "Life is hell;" do you remember that Jesus descended into hell? Dare to go where he went, and to suffer what he suffered. Find some lost soul—that is, some soul which has not yet found itself, its home, or its God—and carry to him what help you can to a higher, healthier, happier life.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

TOPSYTURVYDOM

IN an almost forgotten book which painted the future after the fashion of Bellamy's "Looking Backward" we remember reading of a beautiful system for the adjustment of wages. In this particular Utopia, those who occupied positions of the highest honor received the smallest pay, and those whose position brought them no public acclaim were comforted by material rewards in direct ratio to their obscurity.

It is easy enough to prove anything by figures if we only select our figures carefully. We think that a statistician, if he stretched his conscience slightly, might make out a pretty good case for a claim that the Utopia which our prophet pictured had already arrived.

The man who has obeyed Carlyle's injunction to produce has always been considered, at least by the authors of school-books and moral tracts, to be our most useful citizen. The producer and creator has always been entitled to at least the lip honors of our civilization. We have sung of the noble farmer, by whose sweat the world is fed, and have blandly watched this same sweat coined into gold by the middleman who sold the food to the Nation. We have honored our poets and our thinkers, and (after copyrights on their volumes have expired) have purchased these volumes in large numbers to the advantage of men the poets and thinkers never knew. But generalizations, no matter how much they may glitter, never have much weight with a jury. Let us get down to brass tacks.

For instance, in a large manufacturing business of our acquaintance which depends for its success in great measure upon the skill and the ability of a chemist who ranks at the very top of his particular field, we find a specific adjustment of salary quite in line with the prophecy of our Utopian friend.

The chemist gets the honor, but his salary is about half that of some of the men who sell his brains to the public. And this relationship between producer and salesman, between artist and artisan, holds true in many businesses besides that in which this particular chemist is employed.

Recently we were given a list of the wages reported to have been received by men making inquiry at a certain office of the Red Cross.

Plasterers are getting $8 a day—we know some architects of ability who net no such profit.

Some of the longshoremen are getting $77 a week, which would amount (on an annual basis) to more than the base pay of a captain in the United States Navy. Of course a longshoreman has the responsibility of guiding on its perilous way that marvelously delicate instrument, a hand-truck—while the Navy captain may be in charge of a mere battleship worth, say, twenty million dollars, and carrying the population of a sizable town. But, nevertheless, figured on any other basis than that of our Utopian author, the rewards seem somewhat disproportionate.

Coming home to the printing trade, we find that some pressmen, with overtime, now receive $75 a week pay, which would in the past have seemed like a gold mine to many of the editors, reporters, and writers whose works passed through their hands.

Perhaps the closest approach to the fulfillment of the prophecy which we have quoted is to be found in the contrast between the pay which we give to our various types of fighters. General Pershing, for instance, receives from a grateful Government the magnificent salary of $10,000 a year. He carried on his shoulders the hopes and fears of a great nation in the most stupendous conflict of all time. Jack Dempsey, on the other hand, who skulked at home throughout the war, is offered $400,000 for a bout with Carpentier.

Whether these random figures prove that we are a race of hopeless idealists or hopeless idiots we shall not presume to decide.

THE MOVIE AND TRENCH PIANO AS INSTRUMENTS OF AMERICANIZATION

A NEW method of community work which has as its chief aim the Americanization of the foreign-born population, but which also gives scope for Americanizing the American, was inaugurated some time ago.

As one phase of this work, and incidentally as an antidote to the foreign or Bolshevist soap-box orator, the Music Department of the International Y. M. C. A. has held street meetings in New York, not the least unusual feature of which is that the Y. M. C. A. absorbs none of the glory therefor. Their methods can be introduced anywhere. The necessities are a song-leader, preferably one trained for this work, a piano and accompanist, a step-ladder, stereopticon and screen, young men and women to play games, and a policeman in case of necessity. Electric connection for the lantern must be accessible. In New York the students of the Columbia summer schools are most generous in their assistance.

Twenty-one centers are already established in New York and two in Brooklyn.

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A STREET MEETING CONDUCTED BY THE MUSIC DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL Y. M. C. A., NEAR THE JACOB RIIS SETTLEMENT IN NEW YORK CITY

The head of the Music Department, Mr. Robert Lawrence, long with the service overseas, has devised a movable outfit which will multiply the possible number of centers for day and evening. It is a motor truck whose sides fall outward, disclosing a trench piano, and forming platforms. The lantern outfit is also carried within. Being only four feet long, the trench piano is easily moved, and, as it is built for carrying power rather than for beauty of tone, its interior is not very sensitive to weather conditions that may prevail.

Of the centers established, that enthusiastically supported by Grace House, on Thirteenth Street, east of First Avenue, New York City, is a good example of success, and that of the National League for Woman's Service in Brooklyn is of promising beginning. For the first you may go to foreign parts of the city any Thursday evening and, passing through the glowing line of push-carts and frenzied purchasers of First Avenue, see a crowd of eager children waiting before a low-arched door on Thirteenth Street. When a group of girl workers appear, they are greeted rapturously, and by magic the street is full of "circles" of from ten to thirty children, with one or two leaders. The shrill notes of "London Bridge is falling down," "Thus the farmer sows his seed," and other childhood perennials ascend to the farthest fire-escape. The young men and boys of the neighborhood manage the boys' circles. For the bigger boys there are relay races and other amusements planned, but apparently impromptu.

The games which occupy the earlier portion of the evening are begun at an hour late enough to do away with any possibility of fatigue which might mar the later meeting, yet early enough to gather a large crowd. When darkness comes, the street is full from house to house, every fire-escape and window crowded, the roofs against the faint sky edged with round black heads—three thousand people, according to conservative estimate. Then from Grace House come the trench piano, the lantern, the screen. The leader, without preamble, begins a familiar song whose words are thrown on the screen. "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," is sung, then "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" rolls full-throated down the street, sung first by the women and girls, followed by the men and boys. Then comes the request: "I want everybody in this street to keep perfectly quiet. Now all you people up there sing it." And sing it they do. From window, fire-escape, and far roof His truth is marching on. After that everybody is in the party.

There are no speeches at these meetings. The picture of one of our great Americans draws cheers, and as these die down a few of his deathless words appear on the screen to be read aloud by the audience. Except for King Albert and King Umberto and the flags and generals of the Allies, the pictures are all American, ranging from the Capitol at Washington to wild animals and flowers—the last arousing most enthusiasm. The programme changes constantly, but the popular and National songs, the pictures of Washington, Lincoln, Roosevelt, and the President, the Oath of Allegiance—these are invariable. When "The Star-Spangled Banner" had bared every masculine head except those of a well-dressed group of onlookers, an Italian woman dashed at a forgetful boy, demanding, "What do your hat doin' with that chune playin'?" And a young man who had proved to his own satisfaction that prohibition does not prohibit was heard to remark: "If you wasn't a Yank already, these folks would make a Yank outer you."

In Brooklyn the National League's new meetings are held in the water-front neighborhood, the screen facing a model tenement housing three hundred families. Its recessed balconies, crowded, give an air as of private boxes. The first meeting drew about two thousand. The second evening proved rainy, but the experiment

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was tried, and an estimated thousand stood gladly in the rain throughout the programme. At the first meeting the policeman had been needed for one or two young men. At the second a few were unable to resist the target offered by the leader against the lighted screen, but his megaphoned demand for fair play ended that, and later several offered their help at future meetings.

One odd feature is the immediate dispersal of the crowds. Where on other nights the street is humming until midnight, after these programmes all is quiet and dark in half an hour.

THE REVOLUTIONARY MENACE[1]

BY JAMES BRANCH BOCOCK

SPECIAL AGENT OF THE DEPARTMENT OF JUSTICE

Among the eight great problems confronting the American people concerning which The Outlook has announced for 1920 a programme of articles, there are two which are closely related. These are, first, *the problem of Americanizing our entire people, of replacing ignorant radicalism with an intelligently educated citizenship;* and, second, *the problem of industrial unrest, the stabilization of the triangular relationship of capital, labor, and the general public.* It is with an aspect of each of these two problems that the following authoritative article deals. The author of the articles writes from careful study of the official writings of the Communist organizations in the United States, and he has been engaged in obtaining information from original sources of the radical organizations. An editorial dealing with the subject under the title "The Remedy for Radicalism" appears on another page.—THE EDITORS.

"It is a strange desire which men have, to seek power and lose liberty."—*Bacon.*

AMONG the great number of aliens who have migrated to this "Land of Liberty" within the past thirty years there have been Anarchists, Nihilists, Syndicalists, Social Revolutionists, and various other radicals. The I. W. W. is the only organization of relatively American origin embracing radical activities anywhere near approaching the extremes of revolutionary organizations prominent in European countries. The great World War, and particularly the rise to power of the Bolsheviki in Russia as an incident thereof, have stimulated universal activity and optimism among all revolutionary radicals. Organized effort has supplanted the former sporadic and individual activities of the revolutionary element in the United States; and various radical groups, possessing certain fundamental principles in common, have become, in a sense, amalgamated, have attained organization, and have become more open and uniformly offensive in their propaganda and activities.

Communist Organization

In September, 1919, at Chicago, the Communist Party, advocating revolutionary mass action as a means of attaining its objective, was formally organized by representatives from various radical groups. Dominated by a Bolshevist Russian element, these extremists formed a Communist organization in the United States of America and definitely dedicated its efforts to achieving an overthrow of the constitutional form of government of the United States, substituting therefor a Communist Commonwealth. A party constitution was adopted by the organization. An official Manifesto was issued and a Programme was adopted. The formation of this revolutionary organization was planned and carried out by alien radicals aided and abetted by naturalized radical agitators.

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Objective

"The Communist Party shall keep in the foreground its consistent appeal for *proletarian revolution*, the overthrow of capitalism and the establishment of a *dictatorship* of the proletariat. As the opposition of the bourgeoisie is broken, as it is expropriated and gradually absorbed into the working groups, the proletarian dictatorship disappears, until finally the state dies and there are no more class distinctions."—*Programme.*

"The Communist Party is a party realizing the limitations of all existing workers' organizations, and *proposes* to develop *the revolutionary movement necessary* to free the workers from the oppression of capitalism."—*Manifesto.*

"The Communist Party alone is capable of mobilizing the proletariat for the *revolutionary mass struggle to conquer* the power of *the state.*"—*Manifesto.*

"The proletarian class struggle is essentially a political struggle. . . . *The objective is the conquest by the proletariat of the power of the state.*"—*Manifesto.*

The above quotations from official Communist pronouncements leave no doubt as to the status sought to be brought about by this organization.

There is an evident intent and purpose to formulate fundamental principles and tactics constituting a common working basis for all radical revolutionary groups. The "one big union" idea and the principle that "the working class and the employing class have nothing in common" of the I. W. W.; the status of society advocated by Anarchists; the socialization of industry advocated by Socialists; the utilization of "direct action" and the "general strike" of Syndicalism, are features of the organization. The principles announced are identical in sentiment and meaning with those contained in the Manifesto of the third International Communist Convention held in Moscow during March, 1919.

Modus Operandi

I—DIRECT ACTION

"Parliamentary representatives of the Communist Party *shall not introduce or support reform measures.* Parliaments and political democracy shall be utilized to assist in organizing the working class against capitalism and the state. Parliamentary representatives shall consistently expose the oppressive class character of the capitalist state, using the legislative forum to interpret and emphasize the class struggle; they shall make clear how parliamentarism and parliamentary democracy deceive the workers; and they shall analyze . . . *palliatives as evasion of the issue* and of no fundamental significance to the working class."—*Programme.*

"Communism does not propose to '*capture*' the bourgeois parliamentary state, but *to conquer* and *destroy it.*"—*Manifesto.*

An analysis of the foregoing extracts and quotations distinctly shows the following, to wit:

1. Direct and unequivocal repudiation of parliamentary (legislative) action as a means of attaining a Communist Commonwealth.
2. Direct and unequivocal announcement of intent and purpose to *conquer*, not capture, and to *destroy* the parliamentary state.

The present constitutional and republican form of government of the United States can be changed lawfully only by parliamentary (legislative) action of an initial or enabling nature. There is no other means available, eliminating parliamentary action, to change the form of government of the United States to a Communist Commonwealth except through the employment of *force.* The Communist organization specifically states that it will not employ parliamentary action as a means of attaining a Communist Commonwealth in the United States. It openly pledges itself to attain an objective—*i. e.*, a Communist Commonwealth in the United States. The only conceivable manner in which this can possibly be done, excluding the lawful means repudiated, is by *force.* It is not proposed to "capture" the state, but to *conquer* and destroy it. Conquer means to overcome by force or fighting. There is a specific repudiation and disavowal of any pur-

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pose to utilize available lawful means for the appropriate employment of moral or mental force. There remains, therefore, only one other means of conquering the state—*i. e.*, *physical force.*

The general plan of action this organization proposes to follow is identical with that employed by the Bolsheviki in Russia.

II—STIMULATION AND EXPLOITATION OF INDUSTRIAL UNREST

"The Communist Party prepares itself for the revolution in the measure that it develops a programme of *immediate action*, expressing the mass struggle of the proletariat. These struggles *must be inspired with revolutionary spirit and purposes.*

"The Communist Party is fundamentally a party of *action.* It brings to the workers a consciousness of their oppression, of the impossibility of improving their conditions under capitalism. The Communist Party *directs* the *workers' struggle* against capitalism, *developing fuller forms and purposes* in this struggle, culminating in the *mass action* of the revolution."—*Programme.*

"*Mass action* develops as the spontaneous activity of unorganized workers in the basic industry; its initial form is the mass strike of the unskilled. . . . Out of this struggle develops *revolutionary mass action*, the means for the proletarian *conquest* of power."—*Manifesto.*

"The *proletarian revolution* comes at the moment of crisis in capitalism, of a collapse of the old order. Under the *impulse* of the crisis, the *proletariat* acts for the *conquest* of power, by means of *mass action . . . mass action* becomes political in purpose while extra-parliamentary in form; it is equally a *process* of the revolution and the revolution itself in operation."—*Manifesto.*

In referring to the tendency of workers to start mass strikes, the Manifesto states:

The Communist Party *will endeavor to broaden and deepen these strikes*, making them *general* and *militant*, developing the *general political strike.*

The foregoing quotations clearly disclose a series of events which it is proposed to exploit to bring about the conquest of the state. The scheme is to bring about industrial strikes, and then to "broaden and deepen these strikes," whereupon it is anticipated that such strikes will develop into general political strikes and then into *revolutionary mass action* for the conquest of the power of the state.

The strike, as heretofore generally employed, has been used as a means of attaining economic objectives. It has been demonstrated that the strike is an effective weapon for both offensive and defensive purposes. The Communists propose to use it for offensive purposes exclusively and exploit it to achieve political objectives. Through subsidized agents, in the guise of organizers and leaders in labor organizations, they will be able to shape, in proportion as opposition is lacking, the policies and tactics of such organizations in accord with their revolutionary aims. The scheme shows an intent, through the employment of "boring from within" tactics, to inspire increased and arbitrary demands by the workers' organizations, causing strikes, creating industrial unrest and opposition to the employing class.

III—CONTROL OF INDUSTRIAL PROCESS

The *conquest* of the power of the state is accomplished by the *mass power* of the proletariat. Political *mass strikes* are a *vital factor* in developing this mass power, preparing the working class for the conquest of capitalism. The *power* of the proletariat *lies fundamentally* in its control of the *industrial process. The mobilizing of this control* against capitalism *means the initial form* of the *revolutionary mass action* that will *conquer* the power of the *state.*—*Manifesto.*

The control of industry contemplated is, it is clear from these statements, sought only as a means to an end. Through the mobilization of such control only the initial form of revolutionary mass action is attained; thereafter, according to the scheme, it is proposed to *conquer* by *direct action* the power of the state.

No government is any stronger than the executive authority, including military force, behind it to enforce its laws or decrees. The scheme contemplated by this organization aims at the control of fundamental power, a prerequisite to military strength, viz., *industry.* Any government without the power or means of utilizing industry to supply military power in suppressing rebellion is incapacitated to meet the opposition of general revolutionary mass action. Assume, for instance, that the revolutionary mass action for the conquest of the power of the state is employed at a time when the United States is engaged in a war with a formidable foreign Power, and the industrial process is in control of this revolutionary organization. It does not require extensive imagination to see the efficacy of the scheme to control industry as a means of conquering the power of the state. The unit of the organization, and groundwork for control of industry, is patent in the following:

Shop committees shall be organized wherever possible *for the purpose of Communist agitation* in a particular shop or industry by the workers employed there. These committees shall be *united* with each other and *with the Communist Party*, so that the party shall have *actual contact* with the workers and *mobilize* them for action against capitalism.—*Programme.*

IV—EXPLOITATION OF LABOR UNIONS

The Communist Party must engage actively in the struggle to revolutionize the trade unions. As against the unionism of the American Federation of Labor, the Communist Party *propagandizes* industrial unionism and industrial union organization, emphasizing their revolutionary implications. Industrial unionism is not simply a means for the every-day struggle against capitalism; its ultimate purpose is revolutionary, implying the necessity of ending the capitalist parliamentary state. Industrial unionism is a factor in the final *mass action* for the conquest of power, as it will constitute the basis for the industrial administration of the Communist Commonwealth.

The Communist Party recognizes that the A. F. of L. is reactionary and a bulwark of capitalism.

Councils of workers shall be organized in the shops as circumstances allow, for the *purpose* of carrying on the industrial union struggle in the old unions, *uniting* and *mobilizing* the *militant elements*, these councils to be unified in a Central Council wherever possible.

It shall be a major task of the Communist Party to agitate for the construction of a general industrial union organization embracing the I. W. W., W. I. I. U., independent and secession unions, militant unions of the A. F. of L., and the unorganized workers, *on the basis of the revolutionary class struggle.*—*Programme.*

In these statements opposition to the American Federation of Labor and other unionist organizations having economic objectives is declared. It is proposed, however, to organize "councils of workers" in the shops to unite and mobilize the militant elements of such unions. They propose to agitate, on a basis of the revolutionary class struggle, for a general industrial union organization embracing the I. W. W. and other radical groups.

The objective of moderate or non-radical industrial unions is economic in that the underlying purpose is to protect the economic status of, or *e converso* to prevent the economic exploitation of, the industrial workers, whereas the objective of the Communists is political in nature. The plan is to co-ordinate and absorb the radical elements in the labor organizations to facilitate the achievement of a Communist Commonwealth.

The proposed exploitation of industrial labor unions inevitably will involve friction within the ranks of organized labor. Such a state of affairs is exactly what the Communists desire. As the scheme of the Communists progresses, it is only a question of time before the industrial labor unions will be forced to choose one of two courses of action, to wit:

1. Conform to the policies and tactics of the radical revolutionary element in the organization, or
2. Disassociate all radical revolutionary influences and elements from the organization.

It matters not which course is adopted, so far as the Communists are concerned, for if the first course is followed they profit, and if the second course is followed they do likewise in that they will ally with and incorporate in their organization the evicted radical personnel.

Agitation Among Negroes

In close connection with the unskilled workers is the problem of the Negro worker. The Negro problem is a political and economic problem. The racial oppression of the Negro is simply the

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expression of his economic bondage and oppression, each intensifying the other. This complicates the Negro problem, but does not alter its proletarian character. The Communist Party *will carry on agitation among the Negro workers* to unite them with all class-conscious workers.—*Programme.*

The most complicated and important social problem in the United States, particularly in the Southern States, is the Negro problem. These revolutionists state that the problem is only political and economic. They propose to disregard the social feature and imply by logical inference the indorsement of social equality. The consequences of any such policy are evident. The plan is pregnant with serious consequences to all communities where Negroes and whites come in contact and with equally destructive consequences to the Negroes as well as to the whites. Such agitation as is planned will multiply the probability of race riots and intensify general unrest among the Negroes.

Social Regulation Under this Communist Commonwealth

The proletarian revolution disrupts bourgeois democracy. . . . Therefore, it is necessary that the proletariat organize its own state for the *coercion and suppression of the bourgeoisie.* Proletarian dictatorship is a recognition of that fact; it is equally a recognition of the fact that in the Communist reconstruction of society *the proletariat alone counts as a class.*

While the dictatorship of the proletariat performs the negative task of crushing the old order, it performs the positive task of constructing the new. Together with the government of the *proletarian dictatorship,* there is developed a new "government," *which is no longer government in the old sense, since it concerns itself with the management of production and not with government of persons.* Out of workers' control of industry, introduced by the proletarian dictatorship, there develops the complete structure of Communist Socialist industrial self-government of the communistically organized producers. When this structure is completed, *which implies the complete expropriation of the bourgeoisie, economically* and *politically* the dictatorship of the proletariat ends, in its place coming *the full free social and individual autonomy of the Communist order.*—*Manifesto.*

Following a proletarian dictatorship such as here described and such as now prevails in Russia under Lenine and Trotsky, the new "government" contemplated will no longer be government in the old sense, since it concerns itself with the management of production and "*not with government of persons.*" Here is portrayed a condition of society regulated by voluntary agreement. The confiscation of private property in favor of a community of interest, individual social license whereby the strong may exploit the weak, enslavement of women, abandonment of the sanctity of marriage relations, chaos and anarchy, are a certainty in the Communist Commonwealth contemplated. All the moral attributes of the modern social fabric attained and evolved, in accord with the experiences of mankind during the years gone by, according to the scheme, are to be abolished, and in their stead individual license is to prevail.

The rights of private property being abolished, there is no security for the home. A man's establishment is subject to appropriation by a covetous and more powerful individual of the proletariat. One thus evicted has no other recourse, under the Communist order, except to oust the trespasser by force of arms. If the trespasser prevail through a foul deed, it matters not, since there is no authority concerned with the government of persons. Under the Communist scheme "might is right" and "to the victor belong the spoils."

Conclusion

The teachings of the Communist organization are as brazen an advocacy of effective organized revolution to overthrow the Government of the United States as can be concocted short of armed insurrection.

It should be borne in mind that the directing personalities of this revolutionary organization have been confronted with the necessity and expediency of camouflaging the *modus operandi,* so as to avoid conflict with the law. These people are no modern social dreamers of a utopian capacity. They are essentially revolutionary opportunists and consistent agitators for a Communist or Bolshevist status. Their advocacy and teachings are an affront to American institutions. As individuals they are a menace to any environment, and as an organization they are beyond tolerance.

As the American branch of the Bolsheviki, they have adopted, in their first convention, a formula embracing principles and tactics which appeal to the dissatisfied element of society and the industrial and social revolutionists. While there is no immediate prospect of their achieving an overthrow of the Government and the establishment of a Communist Commonwealth in the United States, the capacity of these radicals to work harm by inspiring strife and unrest through the dissemination of seductive propaganda is potentially great. In proportion as they are privileged to carry on their efforts will they increase in organization and effectiveness. Their principles and anti-Christian teachings will find response among the vulgar and those persons who have nothing to lose, and consequently nothing to preserve, in the form of property, character, or moral fiber. Their propaganda, like a virulent disease, will take effect in proportion as resistance is lacking. Among the ignorant foreign element of workers they will recruit the greater portion of their rank and file. Their main line of attack will be centered upon the stimulation and acceleration and subsequent exploitation of strikes and other forms of industrial unrest. Agitators of this organization plan to poison with destructive anti-Christian propaganda the soul of the workingman at a time when, engaged in an industrial struggle of protest, he is most susceptible and the least resistant to the sophistry and blandishments of radicalism.

As a practical proposition, what is the most effective means, and what is necessary, to combat successfully the menace presented by such revolutionary tactics?

1. Effective counter-propaganda involving exposition of the fallacies and destructive consequences of the Communist scheme.
2. Enactment of adequate laws affording a satisfactory basis for prosecution of any person who advocates or teaches directly or indirectly; or who aids, abets, or assists any undertaking having as its object; the establishment, *by means other than is provided by law,* of a form of government in the United States not contemplated and provided for by the Constitution of the United States.
3. Amendment of deportation laws affording adequate basis for prompt deportation of any alien who advocates or teaches directly or indirectly; or who aids, abets, or assists any undertaking having as its object; the establishment, *by means other than is provided by law,* of a form of government in the United States not contemplated and provided for by the Constitution of the United States.
4. Amendment of deportation laws vesting in the Attorney-General of the United States exclusive authority over all cases involving deportation of aliens charged with revolutionary activities, prohibited by law, instead of such cases being handled by the Department of Labor, as is now the case. Necessary authority should be given the Attorney-General of the United States to designate, in his discretion, agents of the Department of Justice to conduct hearings and determine questions of fact, as provided by law, in such cases. All findings of fact should be reviewed and approved by the Attorney-General before final deportation order shall issue. In practical respects such plan will operate to expedite and render more efficient and effective efforts to eradicate revolutionary activities.
5. Permanent curtailment of immigration, and initiation and maintenance of effective methods leading to Americanization of the foreign element in the United States.
6. Centralization in one single Government department or bureau, with adequate funds for its efficient maintenance, of responsibility in detecting and prosecuting violations of law involving revolutionary activities, thereby precluding confusion resulting from duplication of effort.

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BEHIND THE PICKET LINE

THE STORY OF A SLOVAK STEEL STRIKER—HOW HE LIVES AND THINKS

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

Most strikes—in America, at least—are not based on hard-hearted selfishness. Their real source is misunderstanding. As misunderstandings between friends often lead to the breaking off of friendly relations, to recriminations, and sometimes to lifelong quarrels, so it is with labor and capital. We print this vivid story because it so clearly shows that the conflict between wage-workers and employers is, after all, a conflict in which the highest human aspirations are engaged. The head of a great steel works whose property is destroyed and whose life even is threatened in a strike feels that he is fighting for the future security of his family. The worker, like the Slovak of Mrs. Vorse's story, who, in some way that he does not quite understand, is separated most of the time from his home, feels that he is fighting for the future of his family. Is not this the real problem in the present industrial situation—to find some way by which the two sides may understand each other?—THE EDITORS.

WHEN I got out of the street car, he detached himself from the darkness and murmured:

"Ma'am, I come to meet you."

It was not yet five, and black as midnight, except as the fiery salvos of the newly started blast-furnace of the Ohio plant shattered the night with glory. No need to ask how he knew me. Women do not usually get off the cars at five in the morning at this point.

On my way to the picket line I had been alone, with the exception of two uneasy-looking scabs. I didn't look at them. I didn't like to. The right of the individual workman to work when and how he wished seemed a rather hypocritical theory to me at that moment. It seemed about as tenable as the right of the individual citizen to desert to the enemy in war time.

For weeks I had been immersed in the strike. I had gone merely as an observer, rather skeptically even, and the thundering immensity of the thing had caught me up.

The people—that is to say, the public, those not directly interested—look on strikes as unchancy occurrences, violent manifestations which interfere with the ordered flow of existence. Something that wouldn't happen at all if it were not for "outside agitators"—that most slippery of all explanations.

What had happened to me was that I had looked at the strike close to, and it had resolved itself into the lives of human beings—thousands of human beings thinking the same thing, thousands of human beings hoping the same thing, thousands and thousands of human beings hoping and willing the same thing, with the terrible patience of the simple. It is a dramatic thing when thousands of men all through the country, men in eight different States, men in fifty different towns and communities, all decide to stay home, all decide to do nothing, because they wish to alter certain conditions.

Men who never saw each other, men who never will see each other, many men who couldn't understand each other if they were to meet, all doing the same thing, sitting quiet—abstaining violently from action, all bound together by the same thought—the men in all these widely sundered communities thinking together about the same thing. That is one of the things a strike resolves itself into when you look at it close to.

All this thought focuses on the picket line, where, before the mill gates, goes on a terrible and silent contest of wills. Youngstown had been closed down tight. Youngstown had been dark as a pocket. For days and for weeks no plume of smoke had floated over any chimney. For the first time in years there was no crimson flare in the sky by night.

Then the Ohio works had opened up—the people said with Negro strike-breakers. All the Sunday before the strikers had been poised fearfully, as though upon the brink of disaster. Rumors flew through the town. Everything was going to open, every one was going back to work. All the sacrifice was in vain—every one was going back and the strike would be lost.

I had gone out to see the disaster. We walked through the darkened streets, past a group of policemen on the corner, with whom we exchanged "good-mornings." Up the side streets stood groups of men. A man with tools came hurrying along.

"W'ere you going, boy?" my guide challenged.

"Going to work up to town—going to work up to Denis's—I ain't scabbin'. You didn't think I was?" He was young and eager; he couldn't bear the implication that he was a deserter.

Another man scuttled through the dark, head down, tool-box held tight.

"W'ere you going, boy?" the challenge came again. There was no menace in his deep voice, no note of bullying, only a sorrowful and accusing gravity. "W'y you going to work, boy? Don't you know we're on strike?" Without stopping, the man pelted past us down the street, whose darkness was now violently torn asunder by the sudden splendid fury of the blast. The buildings, the high chimneys and walls and bridges, the houses and the knots of men, were all etched black against the magnificent violence of flame.

The picket line thickened. The men moved up and down sluggishly, just enough to conform with the law, which advises picketers to keep moving. A patrol wagon came past and some policemen got out near the gate of the mills. Three big wagons thundered over the bridge leading to the mill gate—provisions for the scabs.

And now a sparse trickle of men began coming over the bridge out of the mill. They crossed another group coming in. From the point of view of those quiet watching men the others were traitors, deserters, men of the spawn of Judas. The pickets were quiet and watchful. No one spoke. They were like a slow, anxious, drifting stream, while the men coming and going from work moved swiftly, head down, shoulders hunched—apprehensive to get out of sight of that watchful line with its terrible and accusing quiet.

Day came creeping on us; we could now see one another. A light primrose stained the sky, which seemed far off and remote. Dawn touched the men's faces; they looked cold and tired, they looked anxious and worn. The whistle gave tongue; more men hurried out of the mill, more men scuttled in. The patrol wagon came up, the police drove off in it.

It was seven o'clock. The morning vigil was over; the strike was unbroken. The deluge had not occurred. The men, weary with watching, broken with inaction and with suspense, drifted to their homes.

"You're cold, ma'am," my guide said to me, gently; "I want you should come to my house to get breakfast; my house it ain't far."

It seemed to me an imposition to appear in a strange woman's house at that hour in the morning, especially as Mike let fall casually that he had eight children. A strike and eight children and a husband seemed to me quite enough for any woman to cope with, but he would not let me go without a cup of coffee. We walked past little detached dwellings, small frame houses and some of concrete.

These have been lately built. They show the modern impulse toward better housing. Here and there a rambler was planted over a door; there were porches, and plots of ground surrounded the houses. This was the most meritorious community, from the point of view of decency, that I have seen in any steel town.

Later we met a handsome lad coming out of the gate—Steve's oldest boy on his way to high school. Then we went into the kitchen, and my first impression was of rows and rows of brightly polished shoes all ready to be hopped into—any amount of brightly polished little shoes standing neatly two by two.

Now, any student of domestic life will know what this means. How many fam-

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ilies are there who can get the boys to black their shoes the night before? I can't in my household—indeed, it takes savage pertinacity to get shoes blacked at all. Just the sight of those shoes made me realize that my hostess was no ordinary woman. In the meantime Mike was calling up the stairs:

"Mother, come down and see who's here! Come down and see what I've got in the kitchen!" To hear him one would have supposed that I was a birthday present. And when "mother" appeared there was nothing that could have shown a third person that I was not an old friend. The owners of the shiny shoes came into the room with their shy "good-mornings."

They went to the sink, one after the other, to finish their washing; the older girl—a beautiful blonde child with a wide, placid face—scrutinized the three boys in the "dark uncharted tracts behind the ears" and turned the skeptical and disillusioned eye of an elder sister upon the backs of their necks. They went into the next room and got for themselves spotless shirts elaborately patched as to the elbows. Meanwhile my hostess fried eggs for Steve and myself and poured us coffee, asking rapid questions about the strike: Had they gone back? It wasn't true, thank God! Were there more than yesterday? Above all, had any of our own people gone back?

Little Mike, Stephen, and Joe had become possessed of great bowls of porridge and wide slices of bread and butter. I listened to the conversation, but my attention was really enthralled by the best brought-up children, bar none, I had ever seen.

Never for a moment did they interrupt the conversation. No one cried out: "Ma, where's this?" "Ma, I can't find that." They dressed and ate their breakfast and got themselves off for school, not forgetting to shake hands with me before they went. Eight splendid, beautifully brought up children, sound, good-tempered, and good-mannered, were my friends' contribution to this country.

Mike had been here for twenty years. After twenty years of the hardest sort of work underground in the mines and in the heat of the steel mills, after twenty years of unremitting industry, he had achieved a four-room house. It had a grape arbor and a little garden. That is what the conditions of labor in this country had permitted him to achieve—and he is incomparably better off than the average steel worker.

The baby came and laid her head against the father's knee, and Tisa, who is still nearly a baby, climbed up and put her arms around his neck. He put his great arm around both of them and hugged them to him.

"They only get to know their papa now since the strike. When father works fourteen hours night and ten light, he never sees the children." He nodded.

"You see, that's why I stopped work. How do you think the strike go? You think we goin' to win now—pretty soon?"

"Well, father," my hostess broke in, briskly, "if this strike ain't won, we're goin' to win another strike. Our people ain't never goin' to stop until our fathers can be home sometimes and not be just like a horse—take out of the stall and put back in the stall."

"You see, twelve hours, that's too long for a man to work," said Mike. "A man can't work so long and be anything but tired out like a beast. I used to be a miner when first I worked in this country. We worked thirteen hours; we struck, we don't win. We go to jail because we picket—for all kinds of reasons. But now the miners they only work eight hours. You see my boys—I got four. By and by they goin' to grow up. Maybe they goin' to go and work in the mills, like me. Well, I want those boys to have a chance to learn more than I have a chance. I want they shouldn't have to work fourteen hours night and ten hours light. I want, when they're old enough so they get married, that they see their babies sometime when they're little. We all feel like that. But when we see how so many of the Americans went back so soon as the mill is opened, we Slovaks feel like we was out skating and that we skate out far and the ice cracks and we look around and only us, everybody else goes ashore—but we got to win just the same, sometime!"

"Of course we got to win," said mother, briskly. "What you been through before we can go through again, and we can't go through anything so bad as we've been through. When my oldest girl was a baby and before my big boy you saw going to school was born, father was on strike in the mines. Those days they was worse to strikers than they are now. You think they do everything to strikers now. They even worse then, in those days. So father got thirteen months for picketing. We got all our furniture paid for except fourteen dollars. After they took father away I couldn't pay any more. They took away everything from my house. They took my bed from my baby. They took my cook stove—I couldn't cook no more. They didn't leave me nothing. I sat down on the floor of my empty house with my baby in my arms and thought about my new baby that was going to come, and I thought, 'No matter, I'm a strong young woman,' I thought; 'never mind what they do to me, I'll take care of both my babies until father gets out.' I sat like that on the bare floor of my house and thought to comfort myself that father was right to strike like he did and that I was goin' to fight right alongside of him. I know we got to win, because it's right we should."

It is on such a spirit that this strike is builded. It is because of such beliefs that it endured as it has.

On September 22 something like three hundred and fifty thousand men struck in the steel industry. They were very slenderly organized. Many of them joined the American Federation of Labor at the moment when the strike began. There was never a strike less founded on oratory or agitation. The people welled up and out of the mills in a heaving mass. After three months at least a third of them were still out.

Consider what sacrifices this involves. What mute heroisms, what desperate resistances! These people have given voluntarily their income for three months. They have risked their jobs, their only source of income. Poor people have to think a cause very just to do such things. They have to believe with all their hearts. They must have courage; they must have fervor. When you consider that a very large majority have children depending upon them, we wonder that they can do it at all.

You must meet people like this Slovak woman to understand why they stay out.

No one can live here and go about among the people's homes without having that sense of isolation which Steve expressed. You feel, indeed, as if you stood alone on a cake of ice which had broken off and with a widening gulf of black water between you and the rest of mankind. The ordinary channels of communication seem to be blocked. It has been prejudged a "Hunky strike"—a blind stirring of ignorant people who do not know what they want.

Personally I agree with the splendid Slovak priest, Father Kazinci, of Braddock, who from the beginning has fought the battle of the strikers as a righteous battle and part of the great struggle for democracy now in progress in the world. He believes that every priest of God fails in understanding his duty who does not put the whole weight of his influence behind the strikers. He believes that there has been no truer single impulse toward Americanization in its larger sense among any group of foreigners. Like the Slovak mother, my hostess, he believes they must ultimately win, because they are right.

To make every one in the country understand what this strike is about I would not speak in terms of double shifts and "ten hours light and fourteen night." I would not emphasize the question of collective bargaining, but I would show a picture of the mean streets and bleak houses which surround those mills, the children who play amid the litter of these streets and their patient, wide-faced peasant mothers who are living here in bondage, prisoners of poverty, the victims of squalor. I would show this picture against a background of the inhuman, terrible beauty of the mills. The mills are as beautiful as a volcanic convulsion. The great chimneys follow one another like the pipes of a black organ, and from these chimneys belches forth a mighty symphony of smoke. But in the foreground you will see sights every day in the streets of the steel towns that will wring your heart.

As the pioneer spirit of America slackened and grew fat on possessions and prosperity these people replenished it with their adventurous blood. Their men are strong. Their women are calm-looking

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and have the tranquil eyes of those accustomed to looking over wide fields to distant horizons. Their faces are still brown with wind and sun, and they brought with them a bright treasure of hope, and it is buried—these dreams and these hopes—under the garbage of the streets.

This young army came here and spilled its youth and its strength over the streets of Homestead and Braddock. They came here flying the bright banners of courage. Hope led them here—hope for freedom, a desire for a wider life. They came and brought their children, because they expected opportunity for their children.

As one goes about among the women the two things that it hurts most to hear them talk about are their memories and their hopes.

This strike is concerned with these dreams and these hopes. Men leave the intensity of the picket line to go back to their homes, and in the last analysis these homes are what any strike is about. This strike technically concerns the right of organization, hours, and conditions. Follow these issues to their source, and they will lead you back to a home and a woman sitting in it. This fight for conditions and hours will take you from the sinister splendor of the mills to a kitchen where Mike and Steve and Joe are getting ready to go to school, and whose father and mother are such good Americans that they are willing to risk everything so that these boys shall live in a more American way.

Strikes are not abstract things, and they are all much alike—they are about the kind of world the strikers' children are going to live in when they grow up.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

THE MISUNDERSTOOD PAUL[1]

THE first century of the present era was perhaps the darkest period in the world's history. Pagan civilization had perished. Christian civilization had not been born. The golden age of Greece—the age of the great leaders, the great dramatists, the great architects, the great philosophers—was in the past. The promise of Rome's youth in the days of the Republic was not fulfilled in its doddering old age. Its military power had conquered the then known world; but the liberties of its people had vanished.

A community may be tested by the character of its government, its industry, its education, its homes, and its religion. The government of Rome was a putrid absolutism; the industries of Rome were carried on by slaves; there was no provision for the education of the common people; marriage was a commercial partnership which either partner could dissolve at pleasure; the pagan church made no effort to improve either the character or the condition of the people, its whole energies were employed in placating the wrath of angry gods and winning the favor of corruptible gods.

At this time there appeared in a province of Rome a young man of about thirty years of age who believed that he had a cure for Rome's fatal disease. He was a Hebrew mystic and enthusiast: a mystic—that is, he believed that man can immediately and directly perceive the invisible world; an enthusiast—that is, he was inspired by a passionate desire to impart this faith to his fellow-men.

Brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, Paul had been taught to believe that religion is scrupulous obedience to the laws of God; that these laws are supernaturally revealed; that this revelation is found only in the Old Testament writings and in the commentaries of the Scribes; that the Jews were God's chosen children and the pagans were outcasts; that Jerusalem was destined to become the capital of the world and the Jews its imperial master; and that this kingdom of God would be brought by a Hebrew Christ sent into the world by God and endowed with supernatural powers.

When, therefore, a Jewish sect appeared with the preposterous claim that the Messiah had come, had been condemned to death as an impostor by the Jewish Supreme Court, the condemnation had been confirmed by the Roman Governor, and he had been put to the most painful and shameful death which the cruelty of the age had been able to devise, but had risen from the tomb, and that the kingdom of God under his leadership would presently appear, Paul was full of wrath. This to him was blasphemy and should be promptly and unmercifully extirpated by the sword. The compromising advice of the lazy Gamaliel, that the courts should let these men alone, "for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to nought; but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it," he could not endure. Such a nature as his is rarely patient, and never can contentedly await the slow processes of time. The ecclesiastical authorities thought it enough to drive the heretics out of Jerusalem. By so doing they only gave the strange faith a wider circulation, for the fleeing Christians went everywhere proclaiming their doctrines. Such temporizing measures only intensified Paul's anger. "I was exceedingly mad against them," he afterwards said; and he got authority to pursue the heretics and put them to death wherever he could find them.

When such a man is converted, his nature is not changed. He remains a mystic; he remains an enthusiast; but his powers take a different direction. Paul after his conversion to Christianity still held to his faith in the Old Testament prophets, and went into retirement to restudy them. When after two years spent in that study he came forth again, it was with a new understanding of the uses of law, a new comprehension of the nature of spiritual power, a new idea of the character of God, a new conception of the kingdom of God, and with his mystical and enthusiastic faith directed into new channels; but the old bitterness was gone, expelled by a passionate devotion to the Father of all mankind and to all mankind as God's children. In his subsequent missionary journeys he founded a number of Christian brotherhoods and wrote them letters of advice on special problems. These letters and a fragmentary sketch of Paul's life furnish all that we know about Paul. The following paragraphs interpret what appear to me to be the most essential elements in his teaching.[1] In them I endeavor to report, not my own beliefs, but Paul's teaching, though I acknowledge myself more indebted to him than to any other writer, ancient or modern; Jesus Christ was not a writer.

Man has both an animal and a spiritual nature. They are ever in conflict. Desires which his animal nature prompts his spiritual nature forbids; desires which his spiritual nature inspires his animal nature thwarts. His life is ever an insoluble riddle. "I cannot understand why I act as I do," he says; "for what I would do, I do not, and what I hate, I do." He is like a freeman sold into slavery and under a base and cruel master, or like a prisoner in the mines chained to the corpse of a fellow-prisoner from which he cannot escape. "Oh, wretched man that I am," he cries, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death?"

Law is no help. Law is for the lawless; it protects the community from lawbreakers and it gives to the individual a standard of life—a standard which makes clearer to him his degradation as a slave of the sensual passions, the uncontrolled anger, the

[1] See in connection with this article "The Misunderstood Christ" in The Outlook for January 7.

[1] The reader who wishes to make a further study of this view of Paul's philosophy is referred to my volume on "The Life and Letters of Paul," my "Commentary on the Epistles to the Romans," Dr. George Matheson's "Spiritual Development of Saint Paul," A. Sabatier's "Apostle Paul," Matthew Arnold's "Paul and Protestantism," and Professor McGiffert's "The Apostolic Age." Professor Jowett's "Commentary on Romans" and Dean Stanley's "Commentary on Corinthians" may also be profitably studied.

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mean greed, the cruel ambition of his animal nature. But it gives him no power to win his freedom; and what he needs is power.

This power his heavenly Father offers to him. He offers to give his own life to his enslaved child. God is not a self-seeker, like the unmoral gods and goddesses of Olympus; nor a just but inexorable judge, like the God of Mount Sinai. He is a righteous God. But his righteousness does not repel; it invites perplexed and sinful men. His righteousness righteus man; his justice makes man just. Micah said, Jehovah requires of man nothing but that he should do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with his God. Paul adds, If you desire to attain this simple but splendid ideal of life, your heavenly Father will enable you to do so, provided you are prepared to make the attainment of this divine character your ruling purpose and accept his freely offered help. To all those who by patient continuance in well-doing seek for glory and honor and immortality God gladly gives his own life. This is the Glad Tidings of the Christ. For the Christ reveals the true character of God because God was in Christ.

Man has not to wait until this life is perfected in order to be at one with God. As soon as he enters into a new life of spiritual endeavor he finds himself in a new relation to his heavenly Father. It is no longer a relation of fear, but one of hope and love. His Father judges him as a teacher judges his pupil, by his purposes, not by his accomplishments; God takes his child's will for the deed. He is freed from the fear of God; freed from the fear of himself; freed from the hopelessness of his struggle between "I will" and "I cannot." He was a slave, but is emancipated; was dead, but is raised from the dead; old things are passed away, he is a new creation in Christ Jesus. This is salvation: not a promised escape from a future hell nor a guarantee of admission to a future heaven, but emancipation and a new life of love and liberty. "To live in God," says Amiel, "to do his work—this is religion, salvation, life eternal. . . . It is to exist for God with another self, another will, another love."

What becomes of the sacrificial system? The only sacrifice Paul knows is self-sacrifice. The pagans and the Jews both believed that man must offer sacrifice to an offended God. Paul's teaching reversed this belief; he taught that sacrifice was offered, not by man to God, but by God for man; not as a means of winning pardon, but as a means of imparting life. The heavenly Father wishes to share his life with his children; therefore, he must share their life with them. He gives to them the purity, peace, and joy of his life by entering into and sharing with them the sorrows, the struggles, and the temptations of their life. If we desire to share in the divine life, we shall desire to share in this self-sacrifice: not to win salvation, but because we possess salvation The new understanding of God brings a new motive for noble living into the world.

Paul's experience was a developing experience. When he wrote his first letter to the Thessalonians, he apparently still held to the rabbinical doctrine of the resurrection of the body. When five or six years later he wrote his First Epistle to the Corinthians, he had reached the conclusion, which inevitably follows from his faith in the double nature of man, that the animal must perish, that the spirit alone is immortal, for the spirit alone is divine. It is one of the curiosities of Biblical interpretation that a chapter written in part for the purpose of repudiating the resurrection of the body should have been converted into an argument in support of that materialistic theory. Paul is arguing for the immortality of the spirit. An imaginary skeptic objects: "How are the dead raised and with what body do they come?" Paul replies: You are a foolish fellow; the seed you sow is not the body which is to be. The body you sow is not the body that is to be. God will give to the spirit such body as it pleases him to give.

Paul was a mystic and an enthusiast to the end. He was a profound believer in spiritual experience. To that experience he made constant appeal and of that experience in himself he made constant revelation. The Christ in whom he believed was a Christ "revealed in me." To look on the things which are unseen was to him the condition of a happy and useful life. The life of the spirit was the life that really is.

It has been Paul's unhappy fate to be treated as a philosopher. He had neither the time nor the inclination for philosophical study. Philosophy, he said, had never given to the world acquaintance with God. He was not a teacher of philosophy; he was the herald of a divine Master; and to propagate his faith in a suffering, self-sacrificing, life-giving God he spent his life in missionary travels throughout the civilized world.

He was an orator of remarkable power and his letters are those of an orator. They were dictated to an amanuensis and abound in the pictures and glow with the warmth of an ardent soul in extempore speech. They are pictorial, emotional, dramatic. One might as well interpret literally the poems of Browning as the letters of Paul. As Browning is the philosopher among poets, so Paul may be termed the poet among philosophers. In his letters he personifies attributes, and even material things. The passing of Israel through the Red Sea is baptism. The rock from which Moses brought forth a stream of water for the thirsty people in the wilderness is Christ. The life which Christ pours into the lives of all who accept him as their friend he symbolizes by the blood which poured from Christ's wounded side in the crucifixion. Sin he personifies as a monster springing on his unsuspected victim and dragging him away to slavery. So vivid is this picture in his own mind that he seems to deny his own moral responsibility. "It is no more I that do it," he cries, "but sin which dwells in me." To treat these letters as theological treatises is wholly to misunderstand their origin, their nature, and their significance.

Paul was a lonely man. The pagans hated him because he was a Jew. The Jews hated him because he had abandoned Judaism. The Christians suspected and disliked him at first because he had persecuted them, later because of his radicalism. Once a council was called at Jerusalem to pass upon his soundness. It approved his missions to the pagans, but insisted that the pagans must abstain from things sacrificed to idols. Paul disregarded this decree, wrote to the Corinthians that "an idol is nothing in the world," that Christians are none the worse for abstaining and none the better for eating, but that they should not make their liberty a means of misleading others who are less intelligent than themselves.

The Christian Church was at first a Jewish sect, but when it extended into pagan lands and became the dominant church of Rome it was Romanized. Roman temples became Christian churches, Roman statues became statues of Old Testament heroes or Christian saints, the Roman Church was organized on the pattern of the imperial government of Rome, and Paul's letters of religious experience were transformed into authority for a Roman philosophy. Protestants rejected the Romanized church government and the Romanized rituals, but not the Romanized theology. It remained "forensic." The inevitable resulted. Critics, perceiving the incongruity between the spiritual teachings of Jesus and the scholastic teaching of "forensic" theology, have interpreted the religion of the four Gospels and of Paul's epistles as "rival philosophies of Jesus and Paul."[1]

Modernism in the Roman Catholic Church and New Theology in the Protestant churches is a revival of the spirit of Paul. It is an endeavor to understand "The Misunderstood Christ" and "The Misunderstood Paul." It is a revival of primitive Christianity. The hope of the Church to-day is in a return to the mystical faith of Paul in the invisible world of the spirit and to the passionate enthusiasm of Paul for the unseen Christ.

[1] "Jesus and the Christian Religion," by Francis A. Henry (G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1916); "The Rival Philosophies of Jesus and of Paul," by Ignatius Singer (The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, 1919). Mr. Henry's book is reverent and scholarly, and its interpretations of the teachings of Jesus are well worth careful reading, though I dissent radically from his interpretations of Paul. Mr. Singer's book is keen and suggestive, but dogmatic in spirit and crude in scholarship, and does not indicate that the author has any acquaintance with the literature of modern evangelical thinkers.

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CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED

A WINTER DAY'S EXCURSION IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA NEAR LOS ANGELES

One of the advantages of Southern California as a winter resort is the variety of climate that it offers. The milder weather on the coast may be exchanged within an hour or so for the exhilarating air of the mountains, where winter camps with toboggan slides and opportunities for skiing and other pastimes may be found. Our picture shows a party on the way to one of these camps

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(C) Harris & Ewing

MISS CARMEN AGUINALDO, DAUGHTER OF THE NOTED FILIPINO LEADER

Aguinaldo, famous some years ago as a native Filipino leader, is said now to have settled down as a prosperous planter. His daughter, pictured above, is a student in the University of Illinois.

(C) Harris & Ewing

COUNTESS WANDA RAWITA OSTROWSKI, DIRECTOR OF THE POLISH RED CROSS IN SIBERIA

Countess Ostrowski has come to this country to seek aid for the repatriation of some three thousand wounded Polish soldiers who are stranded in remote parts of Siberia

International

MEMBERS OF THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL WOMAN'S COMMITTEE

The Committee recently attended the Republican Convention's meeting in Chicago, January 5 and 6. Seated, left to right, Mrs. John G. South, Chairman Woman's Division; Miss Mary Garrett Hay, Chairman Executive Committee; Mrs. Frank Dadson, Chairman of the Iowa State Woman's Committee. Standing: Mrs. George W. Reinecke, Executive Secretary; Miss Rose Moriarty, field organizer of the Committee; Miss Elizabeth Hyde; Miss Marion Parkhurst, in charge of Americanization work; Mrs. Amanda Miller, Director of Publicity

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Graphic News Bureau

A SUCCESSFUL HUNTER OF OUTDOOR PICTURES

Mr. Gardner Symon, whose portrait appears above, is one of America's most eminent painters of outdoor subjects. His enthusiasm leads him to work in the open, in defiance of freezing weather. The photograph was made near Des Moines, Iowa

International

A NEW STATUE OF BURNS UNVEILED IN BOSTON

Governor Coolidge, who stands just beneath the figure, unveiled the statue in the presence of a great company of Burns admirers. The statue, which is nine feet high, is by Henry H. Kitson

International

POLICE SEARCHING A GROUP OF ARRESTED "SUSPECTS" IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS, CHICAGO

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GREGORY WEINSTEIN, ALLEGED AIDE OF THE "SOVIET AMBASSADOR" TO THE UNITED STATES

ROUNDING UP THE "REDS" IN A NATION-WIDE CAMPAIGN AGAINST REVOLUTIONARIES

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COMMUNITY CIVICS

A PRACTICAL EDUCATIONAL COURSE IN CITIZENSHIP

X—PROTECTING THE FOOD OF THE CITY[1]

BY NELLIE M. REED

OF THE BAY RIDGE HIGH SCHOOL, NEW YORK CITY

INTRODUCTION

"One moment, please," said a "fussy" lady who was buying a loin of pork in a Brooklyn butcher shop. "I am anxious to know just how much the meat weighs. Six pounds and thirteen ounces. Thank you. What a wonderful scale you have! A hundred dollars! And it even does the computing for you! May I see how it works? It must save a lot of time for you? Does this string on the beam have anything to do with the weighing?"

The interested purchaser casually laid her package of loin on the scale and practiced weighing while carrying on the conversation with the affable butcher. After she had examined the scale to her satisfaction and was apparently about to depart, she remarked to the butcher: "I believe I'll take this scale along with me. Do you know I really think it registers six ounces more than the true weight every time you use it? I'm from the Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures."

On being asked if the foregoing story were true and if the case were typical, the Commissioner of the Bureau replied:

"Yes, it is substantially just what happened in that case. I can give you the names and addresses of the parties concerned. There are many similar cases. We have nine thousand retail butchers in the city, and it is a regrettable fact that they are not all honest. . . . Complaints are filed with us in person, in writing, or by telephone, and we immediately send our inspectors out to investigate. In this particular case we secured the conviction of the man and his clerk. The employer was sentenced to be fined $100 or thirty days in the workhouse, and the employee was sent to the workhouse for ten days.

"When I received the Mayor's letter directing the different departments to co-operate in the civics work that the Board of Education is undertaking, I made up my mind that my report this year would be interesting, and I am endeavoring to make good my determination. Statistics can be covered in a couple of pages, but the body of the report is going to carry a message to the people concerning what this rather small Bureau is doing all the time."

After a little further questioning, the Commissioner continued: "Well, boiled down, it would run something like this. The Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures exercises eternal vigilance to see that the public gets a square deal in forty thousand retail food stores where over three hundred thousand weighing and measuring devices are in use. The fourteen hundred car-loads of all kinds of commodities which come to our city each day are carefully weighed or measured under our supervision.

"Mechanically speaking, the scale situation is as nearly perfect as we can ask for. No scale is placed on sale until it has been examined and approved by this Bureau. The false-bottom baskets are a thing of the past, and will appear from now on in magazine articles only.

"The most flagrant violators are the short-weighters and overchargers. It is a simple matter for an unscrupulous merchant to throw a purchase on a scale that is perfectly true, deftly remove it, and announce the price while the indicator is still vibrating.

"I'm glad the schools are going to help. You'll find us ready to co-operate in every respect. If we can make the people of this great city understand that it is their civic duty to demand fair weight and honest measure, and that they should report all suspected violators to this Bureau promptly, it will be a triumph worthy of all the effort we can put into it."

The elevator man was brusquely repeating, "First floor, all out!" thereby wrecking an effort to compute how many pounds of ice one ought to receive for fifteen cents.

FRANK A. REXFORD.

Protecting the People Against a Food Shortage

FOOD is absolutely essential to the health and welfare of any community. Did you ever stop to think what it means to feed a great population like ours? The Department of Health tells us that New York City has a population to-day of 5,870,000. Now you must add to this the many, many thousands of transients and commuters who must be fed. Why, food for seven millions may not be enough; for, in addition, the steamships and trains that leave our terminals every day must be provisioned. Then New York City, as the great port and railway center, exports vast quantities to other cities and towns. What a gigantic task to provide a city like ours with food!

Where do we obtain this vast supply? Perhaps you have seen the farmers hauling in their fruits and vegetables from near-by farms to sell them in our public markets. A hundred years ago all the farm products used in the city were obtained in that way, but at present less than one per cent of our food is received from our own rural neighbors. To-day we draw on the South, the West, foreign countries. Even the commonest articles of food are often brought great distances. It is said that our "Long Island" potatoes, besides those that really come from Long Island, are brought to the New York markets from Maine, from the Western States, from Bermuda, Scotland, Ireland, and Belgium.

The harbor strikes in New York made us realize how utterly dependent we are on the railway and the steamboat. Every day there are nine railways and forty-five steamship lines bringing absolute necessities to our terminals. The introduction of refrigeration in cars and steamboats in summer and heat in winter has made it possible to transport such perishable food as poultry from Texas and fruits from California.

Federal control over railways has meant that we are getting this great service at a reasonable rate, for, while the cost of food itself has gone up by leaps and bounds, there have been relatively small increases in freight rates. We owe this condition to the rigorous supervision over rates by the Inter-State Commerce Commission of the United States.

You have heard your grocer say that he has been to market. Have you ever visited a wholesale market? Wallabout Market, at the foot of Washington Avenue, Brooklyn, is a good example. It seems to be just a section of the city, about six blocks square, set apart for the selling of all kinds of foodstuffs. The wide, paved streets are lined with rows of two-story brick buildings, all built on the same plan. These little buildings, or stalls, as they are called, open right on the sidewalks. They are owned or rented by the wholesalers or jobbers to sell their goods to the city grocers, peddlers, and other

[1] This article in the series was sent out in circular form to teachers and schools during the recent printers' strike in New York. It appears now for the first time in The Outlook.—THE EDITORS

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AN INSPECTOR OF THE BUREAU OF WEIGHTS AND MEASURES TESTING CONDEMNED SCALES

(C) International

A STALL IN WASHINGTON MARKET—ONE OF NEW YORK CITY'S TWO PUBLIC MARKETS WHERE PROVISIONS OF ALL KINDS ARE SOLD AT RETAIL

retail merchants. Each seems to specialize in one class of foodstuffs: one just offers California fruits; another, butter, cheese, and eggs; another, poultry; and so on. The great meat-packing companies and the wholesale grocers are also represented there. In the center of the market is a great open space called Farmers' Square. Here the farmers, from Long Island chiefly, bring in their products to dispose of them directly to the city grocer and peddler. On busy mornings as many as four hundred farmers' wagons are drawn up in the square.

There are two wholesale markets in Manhattan. West Washington Market, on West Street, is very much like Wallabout Market. Gansevoort Market, on Little West Twelfth Street, is another farmers' square. The city owns all these sites and many of the buildings, renting indoor and outdoor space to the wholesalers and farmers at nominal rates.

In addition, the city owns two retail markets in Manhattan—Washington Market, on Fulton Street, and Jefferson Market, in Greenwich Village. Each is housed in large single buildings, floor space being rented to the dealers.

To reduce somewhat the cost of food among the needy, the city has established a number of open-air retail markets in Manhattan. The approaches under the Williamsburg, Manhattan, Queensboro, and Harlem Bridges are being used for that purpose. Here, for a small fee payable to the city, push-cart men and farmers are permitted to sell directly to the public.

Unfortunately, our present market sites were acquired in the old days when the farmers sold directly to the housewives in the neighborhood. Washington Market, for example, was established in 1812. Conditions have changed since that day. Our people now are scattered throughout five boroughs, but with one exception all of these markets are in Manhattan. It is true that some food is hauled into the city by farmers to-day, but the great supply is transported by rail and water; and yet only one market, the West Washington, has connections with a railway. The result is that our food supplies are bought up by jobbers at the many docks and piers and railway terminals and hauled across the city to the wholesale markets. Here these foodstuffs are purchased by the grocers and other retail merchants of the city. But they, in turn, if the wholesale market is in Manhattan, must haul their loads to the outlying districts—to the Bronx, Queens, or even Richmond. The cost of the wholesalers' profits and the added expense due to this handling and hauling add much to the cost of food. Naturally, such wholesale markets are failing to meet our needs to-day.

The city of New York has a market programme which, if carried out, will in a large measure meet our present needs. In the first place, all market sites are to be located along the water-front. They are to be provided with docks, piers, and trackage. Only in this way can all the railways and steamship lines deliver their foodstuffs just where our retail merchants will be on hand to buy them. This method will tend to eliminate that middleman whom we call the wholesaler. This is what is known as the Terminal Market Plan.

Then, if markets are to be of the greatest service to the community, they must be located where the people live, so that the dealers can reach the markets conveniently. In a city like ours, covering such a wide area and divided by natural waterways into what are practically five cities, it will be necessary to have five terminal markets, one in each borough.

We hope that the Board of Estimate and Apportionment will begin to carry out this programme. Many foreign cities, like Paris, London, and Glasgow, are supervising the marketing of food to the people's advantage. Cleveland, Baltimore, and other cities in our own country have successful public markets. What is the matter with the city of New York?

Up to 1917 there was no Department of Public Markets. The administration of markets was split up among a number of departments, with the result that no one department felt itself responsible. Conditions were most unsatisfactory. The great world war made the food problem in our city of such vital concern that real supervision became necessary. Therefore in 1917 the State of New York, through its Council of Farms and Markets, authorized the city to organize a Department of Public Markets. This department, with its commissioner and deputies, is now grappling with this problem of how the people of New York shall be fed. The work has been divided among four bureaus, with a deputy commissioner in charge of each.

The Bureau of Production. It will be the particular business of this Bureau to get food into New York City; to encourage the producers to ship as much food to our markets as will be necessary to feed our people.

Farmers tell us that produce often spoils on their hands because they cannot find a market. Others say that they would raise more if they could be assured of a market. The Bureau of Production hopes to get in touch with such producers by cooperating with their granges or farmers' bureaus.

The Bureau of Physical Plant. All our present public markets are under the supervision of this Bureau. The deputy commissioner, with his staff of inspectors, is responsible for the upkeep of these facilities. They see that the stand-keepers obey the rules and regulations of the Department; such as charging reasonable rates, keeping their sections clean, and doing business from behind their counters instead of blocking the aisles. In short, they look out for the interests of the general public.

The Bureau of Distribution. This Bureau is making an effort to discover

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ways and means of saving the waste that is incurred by our present methods of distributing food after it reaches the city.

If the Department is ever authorized to buy food and sell it directly to the consumers, such food would be handled by the Bureau of Distribution.

The Bureau of Information. The food problem in many ways is a housewives' problem. They do most of the buying and preparing of food. By cooperating with such agencies as the public school, the club, the community center, the Bureau of Information hopes to reach the housewives of the city. They plan to give instruction in intelligent marketing, economical methods of preparing food, the importance of food values, and the use of food substitutes. This bureau will do the educational work of the Department.

Protecting the People Against Unwholesome or Misbranded Food

It is not enough for our city to receive an adequate supply of food. If this food is to go to build up our bodies to furnish us with strength, very important, then, is the quality of the food we eat.

Nation, State, and city are working hand in hand to provide us with a wholesome supply. We have Federal food laws which apply to those foods and drugs that are sent from State to State. To enforce these laws our National Government employs a force of Federal inspectors. We also have State food laws and city food laws. It is the general policy of the State Board of Health not to interfere with health matters in the large cities, but to devote its energies to the smaller cities, the towns, and rural sections where health regulations are too often neglected. This means that, although our food supply is protected by State law, the general enforcement is left to our local authorities.

We may say, then, that the great responsibility of properly inspecting and controlling the food supply of our city falls for the most part on our Department of Health through its Bureau of Foods and Drugs. This great service is being performed by a force of food inspectors working under the supervision of a director.

Injurious food is always destroyed. Our food laws, as found in the Sanitary Code, prohibit the sale of all unwholesome, unclean, poisonous, adulterated, or misbranded food. To carry out this law the food inspectors visit all places where food may be collected—slaughter-houses, cold-storage plants, retail stores, markets, piers, restaurants. If the odor or general appearance of the food makes the inspector feel that it is unfit to eat, it is his duty to condemn it immediately and see that it is destroyed. In a recent year twenty-four million pounds of food were so confiscated.

Manufacturers and dealers are often prosecuted. Sometimes an inspector has evidence that bottled or package food or drugs have untruthful labels, or that certain foods have been adulterated or contain harmful ingredients. In such cases he cannot trust to his eye alone, but he sends samples of such food to the Division of Laboratories of this Bureau, where they are chemically examined. If the analysis proves the fact that the food is adulterated, poisonous, or misbranded, the whole supply will be destroyed. But the inspector's work is not completed. If the food or drug has come from outside the State, the manufacturer has violated the National Food and Drugs Act. In such cases the evidence is turned over to the United States Department of Justice. If the food or drug has been manufactured on the premises, or anywhere within the State, the manufacturer has violated the State Pure Food Law. In this latter case the offender is prosecuted in one of our local courts.

Ignorant dealers are instructed. The food inspectors are not solely interested in the actual food; for our Sanitary Code says, "All stores where food and drink are handled or sold shall be conducted in accordance with the rules and regulations of the Board of Health." The inspectors, therefore, examine the premises, the sanitary conditions and equipment. If food is being exposed to dirt and flies, or if any other rule of the Board of Health is being violated, the inspector may simply warn the offender at first. Often friendly advice or definite instruction is all that is necessary. If violation continues, the dealer will be prosecuted.

Diseased people are not permitted to handle our food. One of our city's health laws forbids persons with infectious diseases from working in any place where food or drink is handled. It has been a most difficult law to enforce. Workers are often ignorant of the fact that they have such diseases. To-day the Department of Health insists that all food handlers be physically examined. They must obtain health certificates, which they are required to carry with them to show upon request. Physicians in the employ of the Department of Health will examine these persons free of charge, but if they prefer they may be examined by their own physicians, provided the examinations are performed according to the regulations of the Department. If a person who handles food refuses to submit to such an examination, he will not be permitted to continue in that work. To see that a health certificate is in the possession of every food handler in the city is just another of the duties of the food inspectors.

There is no activity of the city which comes closer to the people than its efforts to safeguard the milk supply. Everybody uses milk in one form or another. Doctors urge that babies and children drink quantities of it every day, for it contains all the elements that produce nourishment. But milk may be a most dangerous food, breeding fatal diseases. Annually thousands of babies die because of impure milk. Epidemics of typhoid and other diseases may frequently be traced to a contaminated milk supply.

Bacteria always in milk. All milk contains bacteria in greater or less degree. These invisible organisms may come from the cow, or they may have their source in filthy conditions in stable or store. Fortunately, however, most of the bacteria which find their way into milk are harmless unless they are allowed to increase. In such cases the milk becomes unfit to drink.

Occasionally some bacteria may be found in milk which produce such diseases as typhoid, tuberculosis, scarlet fever, and diphtheria. These disease-breeding bacteria make milk a most dangerous food. The Bureau of Food and Drugs by its methods of inspection and pasteurization is safeguarding that milk supply for us.

The dairy farms are inspected. The inspection of milk begins at the sources of supply, the forty thousand dairy farms located in seven adjoining States. What authority has the city inspector to go up State, to Vermont, or even to Canada, to inspect their dairies? The city claims no such authority, but she does claim the right to control the quality of the milk sold to her people. If any dairyman desires to market his milk in our city, he agrees, not only to allow inspection of his dairy, but to comply with the requirements of the Department of Health. The city insists on proper and sanitary stabling, cleaning of cows, and washing of milkers' hands. No milk may be adulterated in any way. It must be kept at a temperature not over 50° F. If the inspector is in doubt about the quality of the milk, he sends a sample in an iced container to the Division of Laboratories in the city, where it is tested and the bacterial count is taken.

Pasteurization is necessary for safety. The early ideal of the Department of Health was to provide the people with a clean, pure, safe *raw* milk. The frequent outbreaks of disease which were traced to the milk supply made the Department realize that inspection alone could not secure safe raw milk. There were too many dairies to be inspected. They were scattered over too wide an area. Consequently, in 1910, the Department began to demand that the milk companies pasteurize their milk before selling it to the public. The process of pasteurization is the heating of milk to 145° F. and holding it at that temperature for thirty minutes. Then, as bacteria multiply rapidly in warm milk, the pasteurized product must be immediately chilled and kept to a temperature not over 50° F. The result of this process is that, while all harmful bacteria have been destroyed, the nourishing qualities of the milk remain. To-day only one per cent of the city's supply is sold in the raw state. This sale is permitted because such milk is produced from the most carefully selected herds under the most sanitary conditions.

Grading milk reserves the best for babies and children. With its limited number of milk inspectors, the city has found it impossible to compel all producers to comply with all the require-

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ments of the Department. It has been necessary, therefore, in order to provide the best drinking milk possible, to grade the whole supply. The different grades are determined by the bacterial content and the methods used in producing and handling it.

Grades "A raw" and "A pasteurized" contain the least amount of bacteria and are produced under the most careful methods of inspection. This milk is recommended for babies and children. Grade "B pasteurized" has a greater amount of bacteria, but is a safe drinking milk. Grade "C pasteurized" should never be used except for cooking.

Milk is inspected in the city. The work of the Bureau does not end with pasteurization. There is always the danger of adulteration and reinfection. We have a force of city milk inspectors. They may drop into a shipping station, jump aboard a milk train, or stop a delivery wagon on the street. In every case the milk is tested.

The methods of retailing milk, and especially dipped milk, are most carefully supervised. Your retailer will be glad to tell you some of the regulations; but, better still, he may be able to show you the printed list of rules and regulations governing the sale of milk in retail stores.

Another activity of the Bureau of Food and Drugs is the inspection of meat. In this work the city receives the very active co-operation of our National Government.

Slaughter-houses are inspected by the Federal inspectors. All slaughter-houses or stock-yards doing inter-State business are under the control of the Bureau of Animal Industry of the Department of Agriculture. This includes every slaughter-house in New York City. A force of Federal meat inspectors is responsible for this work. You are all familiar with the blue stamp pressed into meat. Such a mark means that the meat has been examined and passed by a Federal inspector. You know, then, that a healthy animal was slaughtered, that the meat was not diseased at the time of inspection.

All meat is inspected by the city inspectors. By the time the meat reaches the city markets, the cold-storage plants, the retail shop, it might be in a most unwholesome condition. It is necessary for the city, therefore, to supervise all places where meat is handled, stored, or sold. Our city meat inspectors condemn and destroy thousands of pounds of meat each year, although it may bear the Federal stamp.

What is country-killed meat? Occasionally meat may be found in the public markets bearing the city stamp. This is what we call country-killed meat. Sometimes our State farmers slaughter their own animals and send the carcasses to the city markets to be sold. Such meat does not come under Federal inspection because these farmers do no inter-State meat business. But the meat cannot be sold without an authorized stamp. In such cases the work is done by the city meat inspectors, for which service the marketmen are charged a small fee, payable to the city.

We have good food laws in New York City. Sometimes you may observe that they are not being enforced. If such is the case, do not just criticise the city. You are finding fault with yourself if you do. You are part of the city of New York. Do something!

If you know that a particular inspector is not doing his duty, report the fact to the Department of Health. Most likely the inspectors are not to blame, for our food force is not large enough to do its work as efficiently as it should be done. We need many more inspectors; but the citizen must always help out.

Remember, the law says that you are entitled to clean, fresh, wholesome food. See that your dealer keeps his store clean; that the food is not exposed to dirt and flies; that he does not sell adulterated or misbranded food. If he is careless about any of these things, make him understand that you know the law. Perhaps then he will remedy conditions. If he does not, report him to the Department of Health.

Protecting the People Against Fraud

There is another danger to which our food supply is exposed—the danger of fraud on the part of dishonest merchants. We ask for a pound of butter or a quart of milk. Just what is a pound? What should a quart contain?

The standards are fixed by the National Government. You have read in the Federal Constitution that Congress shall have power to fix the standard of weights and measures. How is the standard fixed?

If you were to visit the Bureau of Standards in the Department of Commerce in Washington, a large safe might be pointed out to you. This contains the various types of weights and measures that we use in the United States. It is interesting to know that all these types were brought from England. They are most carefully wrapped and fitted into boxes. They are rarely used, for handling would destroy their value. These are the standard or primary weights and measures of the United States.

Our National Government has presented every State with a set of weights and measures that correspond exactly to the National standard. This becomes, therefore, the standard of each State. In this manner the standard is fixed by the Federal Government in every State. A pound must weigh the standard pound throughout the Nation.

The Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures. Our city government insists that her citizens receive that standard pound and that standard quart. This service is being performed by the Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures under the supervision of a commissioner.

The Bureau tests all weights and measures. In three of the boroughs—Manhattan, Brooklyn, and Queens—the Bureau of Weights and Measures has established testing stations. In each of these are all the standards. Here merchants or consumers may have their scales, weights, or measures tested from time to time to see if they are absolutely true. This is required of dealers, for the law says that no measuring or weighing instrument is to be put into use by any city merchant unless it has been properly tested by the Bureau.

Defective weights and measures are destroyed. The city is divided into districts, with an inspector of weights and measures assigned to each. Each inspector is equipped with an accurate scale and all the common standards. He goes from store to store throughout his district and tests the weighing and measuring instruments. Sometimes, if scales have slight defects, the owners are given five days to make repairs at their own expense; but the law authorizes the inspector to confiscate and destroy all unfit scales, false weights, and false measures. You may read occasionally in the newspapers that quantities of such measures are burned or that a boat-load of defective scales and measures is carried out to sea. This is a spectacular method employed by the commissioner to carry out the law.

Dishonest merchants are prosecuted. It is not enough to destroy a fraudulent dealer's scales. The law says that any person who defrauds another by using false weights and measures is guilty of a misdemeanor. But some dealers are guilty of fraud in spite of accurate weighing and measuring instruments. They knowingly misread the scales, or they manipulate them in such a way as to make them weigh heavy. These, too, are included in the law, for it also says that any person who delivers less than the quantity he represents is guilty of a misdemeanor.

It is the duty, then, of the inspectors of weights and measures to collect evidence against such merchants, so that they may be justly punished. They need your help to get such information.

The Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures urges you to learn to read a scale. In order to do this look carefully at every type of scale you see. It is your duty to keep your eye on the scale while the merchant is weighing your purchase.

Then, every housewife should possess a good scale and a set of dry and liquid measures. To be sure that they are accurate they should be tested at one of the Bureau's testing stations—at Room 6, Hall of Records, Manhattan; 22 De Kalb Avenue, Brooklyn; or 48 Jackson Avenue, Long Island City.

If you are in doubt about a merchant, reweigh or remeasure your purchase. In this way you will know whether or not he delivered you full value for your money.

If you know that you have been defrauded or if you have any suspicions of such fraud, notify the Mayor's Bureau of Weights and Measures. That is your responsibility.

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THE BOOK TABLE: DEVOTED TO BOOKS AND THEIR MAKERS

A SOURCE BOOK OF A. E. F. SENTIMENT[1]

ANTHOLOGIES of war poetry can be found which contain dozens of poems superior in form and expression to most of the verse in this little volume. Yet somehow these more ambitious anthologies lack a certain human element, a background of experience, which gives to these casual verses of the American Expeditionary Force a vividness and a reality which is more appealing than literary perfection. The verses in this volume are all taken from "The Stars and Stripes," the historic journal of the A. E. F. The editors of this volume sum up its origin and purpose in a brief foreword, from which we quote the following:

> The A. E. F. was about the most sentimental outfit that ever lived. Most of it—so it seemed to any one who served on the staff of the "Stars and Stripes"—wrote poetry. All of it read poetry. "The Army's Poet's" column, in which some hundred thousand lines of verse were printed during the course of the Army newspaper's existence, was re-read, cut out, sent home, pinned or pasted up in dugouts, Adrian barracks, and mess shacks, laughed over, and, in all likelihood, wept over.
>
> It was good verse. Occasionally the meter was out of joint, the rhymes faulty, the whole mechanism awry, but it was good verse for all that. For it rang true, every syllable of it, however the scansion may have halted or the expression blundered. It was inspired by mud and cooties and gas and mess-kits and Boche 77's and home and mother, all subordinate to a determination to stick it through whatever the time and pains involved.

With such an Introduction, it is easy to guess the nature of much of the verse which satisfied the A. E. F. It is the same type of verse at which the highbrows turn up their literary noses and probably will continue to turn up their noses until the end of time. And the general public will likewise go on reading this type of verse until the same conclusive moment. The fact is that this type of verse seems to satisfy a universal need: that it puts in tangible form certain universal longings, and that it brings a relief, like that of self-expression, to thousands of tongue-tied men and women who, to paraphrase Gelett Burgess's familiar lines:

> Never saw an imagist,
> And never want to see one.

All of which is offered in no way in disparagement of folk sentiment, but with a due realization of the fact that if the folk needs to learn something of poetry, certain critics have a much greater need of learning something about the folk. But this may be regarded as tedious moralizing about a volume which is perfectly capable of interpreting itself.

Probably the two poets whose work is most frequently brought to mind by these soldier singers are James Whitcomb Riley and Rudyard Kipling. We are certain that Riley would have esteemed this a compliment, and we feel equally sure that Rudyard Kipling has not grudged the loan of his banjo to these troubadours of the A. E. F. With Riley's sentiment and Kipling's meter, a soldier is given a fairly complete equipment for launching himself in the business of poetry-making. But example is more effective than description. Here is an anonymous poem which sounds very much like a reply to Riley's "Jim." It is called "Dad's Letters:"

> My dad ain't just the letter writin' kind—
> He'd rather let the women see to that;
> He's got a mess o' troubles on his mind,
> And likes to keep 'em underneath his hat.
>
> And p'r'aps because he isn't very strong
> On talkin', why, he's kind o' weak on ink;
> But he can work like sin the whole year long,
> And, crickey, how that dad o' mine can think!
>
> When I set out from Homeville last July,
> He didn't bawl the way my sister did;
> He just shook hands and says, "Well, boy, good-by."
> (He's got his feelin's, but he keeps 'em hid.)
>
> And so when mother writes about the things
> That I spend half my time a-thinkin' of,
> There's one short line that every letter brings:
> "Father will write, and meanwhile sends his love."
>
> "Father will write." Well, some day p'r'aps he will—
> There's lots of funny prophecies comes true;
> But if he just keeps promisin' to, still,
> I'll understand, and dad'll know I do.

A poem signed "M. G.," in a similar vein, which leaves the reader, like Huldy in Lowell's "The Courtin'," a bit "teary roun' the lashes," is called "Camouflage."

> They tell us tales of camouflage,
> The art of hiding things;
> Of painted forts and bowered guns
> Invisible to wings.
> Well, it's nothing new to us,
> To us, the rank and file;
> We understand this camouflage
> —We left home with a smile.
>
> We saw the painted battleships
> And earthen-colored trains,
> And planes the hue of leaden skies,
> And canvas-hidden lanes.
> Well, we used the magic art
> That day of anxious fears;
> We understand this camouflage
> —We laughed away your tears.
>
> They say that scientific men
> And artists of renown
> Debated long on camouflage
> Before they got it down.
> Well, it came right off to us,
> We didn't have to learn;
> We understand this camouflage
> —We said we'd soon return.
>
> We understand this camouflage,
> This art of hiding things;
> It's what's behind a soldier's jokes
> And all the songs he sings.
> Yes, it's nothing new to us,
> To us, the rank and file;
> We understand this camouflage
> —We left home with a smile.

It was a returning soldier who sang in Kipling's "For to Admire:"

> The Injian Ocean sets an' smiles
> So sof', so bright, so bloomin' blue;
> There aren't a wave for miles an' miles
> Excep' the jiggle from the screw.
> The ship is swep', the day is done,
> The bugle's gone for smoke and play;
> An' black ag'in the settin' sun
> The Lascar sings, "Hum deckty hai!"

—but we are sure that he would have found kinship with the American private, Stewart M. Emery, who describes his voyage on stormier seas and to a more dangerous haven under the bashfully noncommittal title of "Sea Stuff:"

> Now, I'm a soldier, so I ain't
> No hand at art, but say,
> There's things at sea I'd like to paint
> Before I'm tucked away.
>
> A cruiser on the sunrise track,
> Alert to find the morn,
> With every funnel belching black
> Into the red, gold dawn;
>
> A flock o' transports, crazy lined,
> On blue-green waves advance,
> That sink their bows, all spray an' dewed,
> Hellbootin' it for France.
>
> A manned gun peerin' out to port
> As evenin' shadows close;
> Beyond, a ship slipped up an' caught
> Against a cloud o' rose;
>
> A crow's-nest loomin' from below
> Across the Milk Way's bars,
> Just like a cradle rockin' slow,
> An' sung to by the stars.
>
> No, I can't paint the things I've seen
> While we were passin' by,
> But, all the same, they sure have been
> Worth lookin' at, say I.

Occasionally a poet of the A. E. F. owns to something more than kinship with a Kipling character. He finds it impossible to express himself save in the rhythmical accents of Kipling's own voice. Here, for instance, is how a Tank Corps sergeant, Richard C. Colburn, celebrates the weapon intrusted to his care:

> Oh, she's nothin' sweet to look at an' no symphony to hear;
> She ain't no pome of beauty, that's a cinch—
> She howls like Holy Jumpin' when a fellow shifts a gear,
> But she's sure a lovey-dovey in a pinch.
> Just head her straight for Berlin and no matter what the road,
> Or whether it's trenches, trees, and mud,
> And I'll guarantee she'll get there with her precious human load
> And her treads a-drippin' red with German blood.
> Oh, you tank! tank! tank!
> She's a pippin, she's a daisy, she's a dream!
> Where the star-shells are a-lightin' up the thickest of the fightin',
> She'll be sailin' like a demon through the gleam.

A different but none the less characteristic reaction to the war is to be found in a poem by a corporal of the field artillery. The German intelligence officers who complained that their American prisoners did not understand what they were fighting for should read Corporal Russell Lord's little poem of three verses, entitled "Lines on Leaving a Little Town Where We Rested:"

> We with the war ahead,
> You who have held the line,
> Laughing, have broken bread
> And taken wine.
>
> We cannot speak your tongue,
> We cannot fully know
> Things hid beneath your smile
> Four years ago.
>
> Things which have given us,
> Grimly, a common debt,
> Now that we take the field,
> We won't forget!

Some American pseudo-liberals, with as little comprehension of the American spirit as the German intelligence officers to which we have referred, are still worrying over the thought that perhaps our doughboys have been militarized by their experiences in the war. They look upon associations of ex-soldiers with suspicion and tremble for our civilian liberties. To such ink-blooded individuals we commend

[1] Yanks: A. E. F. Verse. Originally published in "The Stars and Stripes." G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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in conclusion the following verses from a longer poem called "The Little Dreams," by Captain Joseph Mills Hanson, of the Field Artillery:

Now, France is a pleasant land to know
If you're back in a billet town,
And a hell of a hole for the human mole
Where the trenches burrow down;
But where doughboys be in their worn O.D.,
Whatever their daily grinds,
There's a little dream on this sort of theme
In the background of their minds.

. . . . . .

That north forty must look pretty,
Head high, now, and ears all set;
And the haystacks in the meadow—
Wonder if they've mowed it yet?
Crickets clicking in the stubble;
Apples reddening on the trees—
Oh, good Lord, I'm seeing double;
That's not gas that made me sneeze.

. . . . . .

Cotton fields along the river,
Night lights streaming from a mill;
Corn with curling leaves a-quiver,
Dump cars lining out a fill;
Presses roaring in a basement,
Woods with waters gleaming through—
Kaiser Bill, we'll up and go there
When we've rid the world of you!

You cannot militarize the average American any more than you can make a sow's ear out of a silken purse.

THE NEW BOOKS

FICTION

Bertram Cope's Year. By Henry B. Fuller. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago.

Bertram is a post-graduate in a Western college community. Socially he attracts friendly advances from men and women. But he is flabby of purpose, and has no fixed ambition except to get an honorary degree and a paying position in an Eastern college. He gives nothing in return for the friendships he inspires, and escapes all love entanglements. The study of this weak but agreeable man is subtle but far from exciting.

Birds of Heaven, and Other Stories. By Vladimir G. Korolenko. Translated by Clarence Augustus Manning, Ph.D. Duffield & Co., New York.

The contents of this volume are mostly mere sketches, rather vague and rambling. Their publication illustrates to what lengths has gone the American fetish for everything Russian in literature.

New Wine. By Agnes and Egerton Castle. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

A romance of Irish poverty and English social magnificence. A peasant-bred Irish boy is suddenly thrown into a peerage and great wealth. He is impetuous, brave, and fine-hearted naturally, but is too unsophisticated to cope with dissolute characters masquerading in angelic charm. He stumbles, but finally regains honor and returns to his Irish village and his true sweetheart.

Outbound Road (The). By Arnold Mulder. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

There is true art and novel local color in this story of a boy brought up in a Dutch farming settlement remotely placed among the sand-dunes bordering Lake Michigan. The son of an opera singer and of a college professor, he instinctively longs for life and action, breaks away from the dull fanaticism of his surroundings, and plunges recklessly into radicalism and adventure.

BIOGRAPHY

Edward Wyndham Tennant. A Memoir by his Mother, Pamela Glenconner. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York.

A gifted youth who fell in the early days of the war is here worthily commemorated by his mother and his friends. The author dedicates her memoir to other mothers who have suffered a similar loss, and they will surely find comfort in this touching account of an exceptional life.

POETRY

Rudyard Kipling's Verse. Inclusive Edition. 1885–1918. Doubleday, Page & Co., Garden City.

At last we have it—an inclusive edition of Kipling's poems. The most outstanding poet of our time, the only one now writing in English who deserves the title of world-figure, his readers have long wished for just such a compilation as the present volume.

Controversies have raged over Kipling's poetry ever since the publication of "Barrack-Room Ballads." He has been dismissed as a "clever versifier," he has been hailed as a prophet, he has been denounced as a destroyer of poetic tradition, he has been slavishly imitated by a host of jingle writers unfit to black his metrical boots. And with it all he has grown to a stature which overtops that of all his contemporaries.

It may be too soon to render the final verdict on his achievement, but at least these things are certain. He has written much which is sheer poetry. He has written more which is astoundingly clever verse. He has written some things which are uncannily prophetic. He has done more than any other living writer to extend and develop the diction and field of poetry. He has taught it to step through unaccustomed measures and dance to undreamed-of tunes. Kipling is Kipling. It is not for his contemporaries to search too deeply into his magic.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

Lawyer's Study of the Bible (A). By Everett Pepperell Wheeler, A.M. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

The Bible has been expounded by preachers as an infallible revelation of religious truth; by pietists as a treasure-house of spiritual experience; by modern scholars as a rare collection of ancient literature. Mr. Wheeler's approach differs from all of these; his book is really a study of life, and he uses the Bible in interpreting life. His chapter titles indicate this characteristic of his volume: they are such as "The Presence of God in the Soul of Man;" "Prayer;" "Socialism;" "War;" "Labor, Capital, and Strikes;" "Immortality." Incidentally he asks what light does the Bible throw on these problems? His object is not a defense of the Bible, but an illumination of life. His book thus serves a double purpose: it gives real aid to the unprejudiced student of life; and incidentally, and therefore all the more effectively, it recommends the Bible as valuable for modern use. It suggests that one way, perhaps in our time the best way, to study the Bible is to study life, and to go to the Bible for inspiration and illumination in that study, rather than for a final and authoritative answer in order to save the trouble of study.

Productive Beliefs (The). By Lynn Harold Hough, D.D., President Northwestern University. The Cole Lectures for 1919. The Fleming H. Revell Company, New York.

Both in daring thought and energetic style this remarkable book challenges attention from first to last. Philosophically a pragmatist, the author commends to general acceptance as working truths beliefs productive of desirable results. First of these is "The Adventurous God," appealing to us for the venture of faith in him. Our life is a great adventure. Even our dearest faith risks something. "We have but faith; we cannot know." Is it possible to conceive of our Creator thus? Dr. Hough so thinks: "The Great Father ran the risk of infinite heartbreak for the sake of the hope of infinite loving companionship." Though this is not the thought which has brought his saints "within the range of sympathetic understanding," yet as an illusion it may, like that of Columbus, conduct some to a great discovery. Much more satisfying is Dr. Hough's treatment of "The Invading Evil," and still more so his chapters on "The Imperial Personality of Jesus," "The Infinite Nearness of God," and "The Vital Meaning of the Cross," though this needs pruning of extravagances; *e. g.*, "If there is a God without a scar, He can never win our hearts. . . . He died as he stormed the defenses of the foe. A God as brave as that gives ethics an absolutely new meaning." Lastly, Dr. Hough undertakes to validate our highest social ideals by grounding them in "The Social Life of God," a Trinity of "three actual persons bound together in the oneness of a perfect life . . . in which are included three centers of consciousness and of will . . . in the most perfect oneness of thought and feeling and decision." Undoubtedly this is conceivable. A centaur or a griffin is conceivable, but not necessarily true. Certainly not true is Dr. Hough's dogmatic assertion that this is the only view "under the terms of which it is possible to think of an eternally unselfish God."

Where is Christ? A Question for Christians. By An Anglican Priest in China. With Foreword by Bishop of Edinburgh. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

This little book of 112 pages may be cordially commended as a sufficient answer to those who lay all their emphasis on historical Christianity—*i. e.*, on a Christ who is only a memory; and also to those who lay all their emphasis on a "Second Coming"—that is, on a Christ who is only a hope. Where is Christ? "He is in God and therefore in the world; not limited to this or that Church; not limited to ecclesiastical organizations. He is working in men as men, in all nations, preparing them for allegiance to his kingdom." The book will be read with avidity by those who believe that God is Emanuel—that is, "God with us," and who are ready to welcome a statement and enforcement of their faith.

MISCELLANEOUS

Modern Salesmanagement. By J. George Frederick. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"In past years a great deal of mysterious hocus-pocus has been made over salesmanship and sales management. It has popularly been supposed to consist mainly of personal magic." So says the author. His book aims to put salesmanship on a practical, almost a scientific, basis. Its excellent, comprehensive plans and suggestions ought to put enthusiasm and success into the selling personnel of any business.

Here is an example of the author's keen comments:

> Sometimes it is possible to use the talking point of a competitor as a starting point on which to build up a superior argument. For example, a certain automobile company emphasized the resiliency of their springs. The salesman of a competitor showed that springs which are too resilient are really a mistake, and that stiffer springs with deeper upholstery assure a more comfortable ride.

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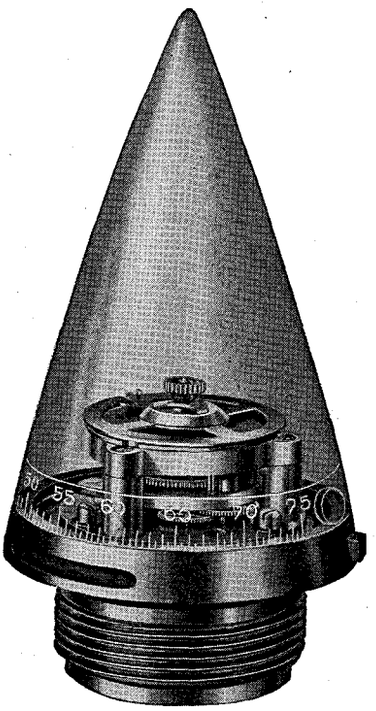
THE GENIUS

SOMEWHERE in the United States Uncle Sam approves the gifts that his sons of genius create for the glory of his name.

It is night. A few hooded and powerful electric lights search the darkness to reveal a huge gun, around which are gathered a few men who serve this giant of strength.

A sharp word of command! A flame of fire! A concussion that rocks the earth! The roar of a shell! A few tense, numbered seconds! Then, out there on the far horizon, a burst of fire miles away—an explosion timed to infinitesimal moments by Waltham.



Waltham Time-Fuse

This, the triumph of Waltham genius—a time-fuse that splits a second into a hundred parts—that far exceeds in instantaneous accuracy all other time-fuses hitherto invented—that sends each shell to its destination governed by Waltham's inventive genius hidden in the apex of the shell.

Imagine this device, light enough and of such delicate accuracy to explode the charge at a hundredth of a second, fired in a shell with a velocity of 2,700 feet per second and leaving the gun's rifled barrel at 25,000 revolutions per minute.

Talk of "position" time-keeping—here is a whirligig of motion—a "position" test that subdues competitive argument. And imagine a timepiece strong and durable enough to endure a blow, a strain, a stress of two pounds to each grain of its weight. A terrific reaction for the honor of America when the gun is fired.

Never in the world's history has there been such miraculous time-keeping, such performance, such absolute reliability under such ab-

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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OF WALTHAM

normal conditions. As Americans, we have a right to be proud of Waltham genius.

Waltham genius! What is it — but doing for nearly three-quarters of a century extraordinary things in an extraordinary way. If genius means taking infinite pains, then Waltham genius in this time-keeping invention has won its supreme tribute.

But if it had not been for nearly three-quarters of a century filled with work *behind* the Waltham time-fuse, it would not have been years *in front* of all others. Pre-eminence is its own reward.

Years of concentrated development on an infinitesimal unit — ofttimes out of sight in the works of the watch — have added renown to the name of Waltham.

The Waltham Watch, upon whose universal time-keeping the sun never sets, is but an older brother of this marvelous time-keeper in the shell.

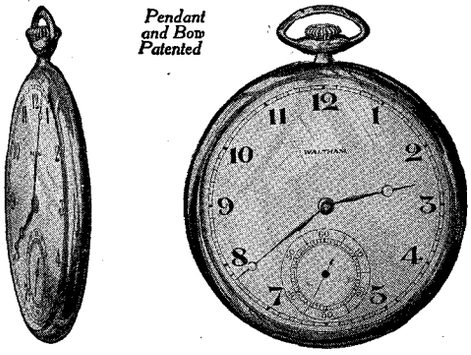
We have made many statements of Waltham invention in the mechanics of watchmaking — we have opened the door of the "works" in a Waltham Watch and created American pride in this Waltham masterpiece. We have claimed world leadership in watchmaking. "Here are the proofs" has been our challenge and our pride.

Proofs we have given and still more proofs we intend to give: science at its utmost in the alloy of a metal, in the polishing of a part, in the setting of a jewel, in the hardening and tempering of steel, in the design of a balance staff, in the bend of a guard pin or the structural curve of a spring — little things, hidden things.

Yet it is these scientific inventions, developments — call them what you will — that have carried the fame of Waltham unto the uttermost ends of the earth.

And we are about to write another illuminating chapter that will take you still closer to the heart of fine watchmaking, and give you still clearer reasons why the little things of Waltham genius add their quota of proof to Waltham dominance.

Read these advertisements, wherein we put the magnifying glass in your eye to see the hidden reasons why this truly American watch is justly called Waltham, "The World's Watch Over Time."



Waltham Colonial A
Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
Maximus movement 21 jewels
Riverside movement 19 jewels
$150 to $275 or more
depending upon the case

This story is continued in a beautiful booklet in which you will find a liberal watch education. Sent free upon request. Waltham Watch Company, Waltham, Mass.

WALTHAM

THE WORLD'S WATCH OVER TIME

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THIS WEEK'S OUTLOOK

A WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY[1]

BY J. MADISON GATHANY

SCARBOROUGH SCHOOL, SCARBOROUGH-ON-HUDSON, N. Y.

IN these times no American can afford to be an intellectual slacker. There is abundance of sound as well as unsound ideas afloat. There is great need of genuine political culture and moral conviction. There is, therefore, good reason for making a thoroughgoing study of articles and comments found in this week's issue of The Outlook dealing with revolutionary and radical tendencies. In fact, this week's Outlook might be used as a manual by our alien element as well as our citizens and lawmakers.

The Revolutionary Menace and the Remedy for Radicalism

Read the article by Mr. Bocock before reading The Outlook's editorial dealing with radicalism. Interpret the quotation from Bacon found at the beginning of Mr. Bocock's article.

Give the substance of the teachings and the programme of the Communist Party in five or six sentences.

Is the drift toward radicalism in this country an attack upon the very life of our American democracy? If so, do you think you could make this clear to a believer in Communism? Try it.

It has been suggested that one way to deal with a minority that does not believe in American institutions is to let them hire a hall and vent their opinions until they are hoarse. Compare this method with The Outlook's method as stated in the editorial entitled "The Remedy for Radicalism" on another page. Discuss which plan is more sensible and far-reaching.

Are you large-minded enough to treat our immigrants as The Outlook suggests in this editorial? What attitude are you going to show toward our foreigners the very next time you meet any of them? Is there in this suggestion a real remedy for anti-American feelings and actions found in a number of the aliens among us?

Has the Government of the United States any right to hold you responsible for what you think? For what you say? For what you do? Would speech be free, or not, if Mr. Bocock had his way?

Discuss whether there is any real basis for the commotion caused by revolutionaries in this country.

What and how much are you willing to do to help protect American institutions and Americanize our foreign element? Explain exactly what it means to Americanize a person.

Discuss how essential the right of private property is to good order and prosperity. Define the following terms: Syndicalists, reactionary, menace, status, exploit, subsidize, personnel, confiscation, liberty, license, opportunist, sophistry, expedite.

In "The Power and Aims of Western Democracy," by W. M. Sloane (Scribners), you will find a most enlightening discussion of what democracy is.

Behind the Picket Line

On another page of this issue Mrs. Vorse tells the story of a Slovak steel striker—tells how he lives and how he thinks. What does it show and teach?

Do you think the telling of such stories and their publication will create social discontent? Why or why not? Can you see wherein the circulation of such stories might help to solve our industrial problems?

Is our industrial system so ordered that it is conducive to good morals and fine citizenship? If not, can it be ordered so that it will be?

The other evening I heard a well-known and very successful piano manufacturer lecture. Among other things, he said that our factories and our industrial plants are organized on an autocratic basis. Is he right? It is becoming somewhat fashionable these days to condemn laboring people for present industrial and economic conditions. Discuss whether the leaders and owners of the means of production and wealth are to any degree responsible for the present attitude of the laboring man and wage-earner toward our industrial system.

Is the present unrest the sort that produces revolution? Or is it unrest that comes, not as the result of oppression, misery, and want, but as a result of accelerated prosperity?

Formulate and discuss two propositions suggested by this story.

The New York Socialists

Tell, with reasons, what you think of the ideas of Mr. Charles E. Hughes as reported editorially on page 94.

Has a district the right to be represented by any one whom the voters of that district desire to be their representative? Even if their legally elected representatives should be criminals and Anarchists?

Present an argument in favor of reseating the suspended Socialists. Can you present a sound argument upholding the action of the New York Assembly?

Discuss whether American citizens have the right peaceably to advocate that our Government be changed to a monarchy, to a soviet government, that the Constitution be entirely abolished and anarchy be substituted for it.

John Milton said, "Let her [Truth] and Falsehood grapple; whoever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?" Is free discussion the best remedy for foolish proposals?

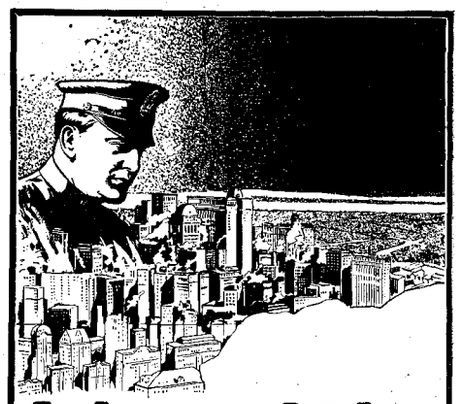
Do our institutions rest upon foundations secure enough to withstand revolutionary discussion and serious political controversy?

Does freedom of speech mean to you freedom for the side you do not agree with? Should it?

What is the issue at stake in this controversy? Explain this somewhat at length.

Is the exclusion of the minority from representation as serious a matter as some think it is? Is the test of democracy protection it affords to unpopular minorities?

[1] These questions and comments are designed not only for the use of current events classes and clubs, debating societies, teachers of history and English, and the like, but also for discussion in the home and for suggestions to any reader who desires to study current affairs as well as to read about them. —THE EDITORS.



If he could be everywhere at once –

BUT the countless miles of cavernous city streets, dimly lighted suburban highways and pitch dark country roads are too many for him to protect at every point.

"Yale" gives every home, or building of any kind, its own policeman—an alert, steadfast, dependable, always-on-the-job guardian.

"Yale" Cylinder Night Latches on all entrance doors—husky, tenacious Yale Padlocks on chests, bins and all outbuildings—that is the positive way of insuring the safety of your family and the protection of your valuables.

You need genuine "Yale" protection. Be sure you get it. That means you must see the trade-mark "Yale." Look for "Yale"—see "Yale"—insist on "Yale."

Yale Cylinder Night Latches and Padlocks are only two of the better products of protection and utility bearing the trade-mark "Yale"—see it on Cabinet Locks, Builders' Locks and Hardware, Door Closers and Chain Blocks.

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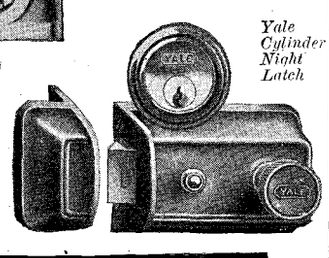

Yale Cylinder Night Latch

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THE NATION'S INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present under the above heading frequent discussions of subjects of industrial and commercial interest. This department will include paragraphs of timely interest and articles of educational value dealing with the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. Comment and suggestions are invited.

MOTOR TRUCKS AS RAILWAY BRANCHES

"THE relation between the railways and the motor truck is gradually turning from a spirit of competition to a spirit of co-operation," says R. E. Fulton, Vice-President of the International Motor Company.

"The present serious financial condition of the railways and the increased freight rates that will inevitably follow, together with the economic advantages of the motor truck, point to a very favorable effect on the prices of foodstuffs as a result of that co-operation.

"The use of trucks as feeders to the railways up to a distance of a hundred miles will release their facilities for the increasing tonnage that requires long-distance haulage. It has been specifically proved that because of the duplication of handling in railway transportation goods can be shipped on short hauls more economically by motor truck. In a few years the truck will be the standard method of short-distance hauling. By acting as a feeder within a radius of terminals it will provide the railways with an increased tonnage and assist in making complete delivery, since it will penetrate areas that are now without transportation facilities.

"The Big Four freight houses in Cincinnati have set the example. Two motor-truck chassis and about ten bodies were used with tremendous success in relieving the railways of a large tonnage of short-haul traffic. Branch stations received the bodies, which were filled and loaded on the chassis. On a fixed schedule they were brought to the terminals and their contents transferred to through cars. Under the old system cars had to be sent to each of the branch stations and brought to the terminal by the engine, seldom more than a quarter filled.

"The advantages of this plan over the old extravagant methods are so great that other large cities throughout the United States are realizing the tremendous potentialities of the truck as a feeder to the railways, and are establishing similar systems.

"The time will come when each and every motor truck that operates within a fifty-mile radius of large cities will be in effect a branch line of that railway. The reason for this is that a railway requires an immense initial investment for the right of way, grading, bridges, and rails, and is limited in the amount of traffic it will hold. If such a branch line does not pay for itself, it cannot be diverted. On the other hand, a motor-truck route has no limitations, and can easily be transferred to a more profitable route if one does not prove successful.

"The sooner solid built National highways are supported by legislation, the sooner a great factor in the high cost of living will be reduced."

Insurance Information that *Really* Informs

A while ago if you wanted to find out about insurance protection, you had to talk it over with an insurance *agent.*

What is expressed by word of mouth *may* or may *not* be reliable and is not always binding on the company.

There is one institution, however, that does business with you, not through agents, but *direct by mail* through the printed or written word or *personally* at its *home office*, and the information it gives is official and reliable. That institution is the

POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

The information you receive from the POSTAL is official because it is always signed by an officer of the company and being official, it is *reliable.*

The main things you will want to know about are

Safety, Service and Saving

You will find that the POSTAL is *safe* because it has ample resources and operates under the watchful eye of the State Insurance Department. It is also subject to the United States Postal authorities and regulations. It *serves* you in many ways, one of which is its policyholder's HEALTH BUREAU and periodical HEALTH BULLETINS. It practically *saves* for you the commissions other companies pay their agents and which really come out of the pocket of the policyholder.

Strong Postal Points

FIRST: *Standard Policy reserves.* Resources more than $9,000,000. Insurance in force, $40,000,000.
SECOND: *Old-line legal reserve insurance*—not fraternal or assessment.
THIRD: 9½% *dividends guaranteed in your policy* and the usual contingent dividends paid as earned.
FOURTH: *Standard policy provisions* approved by the New York State Insurance Department.
FIFTH: Operates under *strict New York State requirements* and subject to the United States Postal Authorities.
SIXTH: *High medical standards* in the selection of risks.
SEVENTH: *Policyholders' Health Bureau* provides one *free* medical examination each year, if desired.

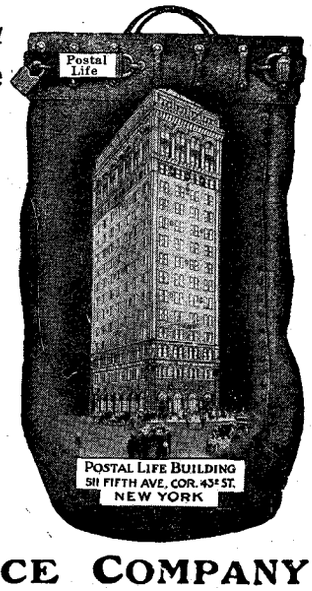
Find Out What *You* Can Save at *Your* Age

Simply write and say, "*Mail me insurance information as mentioned in The Outlook for January 21, 1920.*" And in your letter be sure to give

1. Your full name.
2. Your occupation.
3. The exact date of your birth.

You will promptly receive (by mail only) full particulars with a suggestion as to the form of policy best suited to your needs.

No agent will be sent to visit you and the commission-savings will go to *you* because you deal *direct.*



POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
WM. R. MALONE, President
511 Fifth Avenue, Corner 43d Street, New York

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Fight Film
To Save Your Teeth

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

It is Film that Ruins Them

This is why brushed teeth discolor and decay. And why old methods of cleaning have proved so inadequate.

Your teeth are covered with a slimy film. It clings to them, enters crevices and stays. That film is the cause of most tooth troubles.

The tooth brush does not end it. The ordinary dentifrice does not dissolve it. So, month after month, that film remains and may do a ceaseless damage.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Also of many other troubles.

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat that film. Able authorities have proved the method by many careful tests. And now, after years of proving, leading dentists all over America are urging its daily use.

Now Sent for Home Tests

For home use this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is sent without charge to anyone who asks.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

The way seems simple, but for long pepsin seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And millions of teeth are now cleaned daily in this efficient way.

Let a ten-day test show what this new way means. The results are important, both to you and yours. Compare them with results of old-time methods and you will then know what is best.

Cut out the coupon now so you won't forget.

PAT. OFF.
Pepsodent
REG. U. S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now advised by leading dentists everywhere

294

See What It Does

Get this 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. Learn what clean teeth mean.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 944, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name .....

Address .....

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE HEN

BY MARY DOANE SHELBY

As a city woman I had a great aversion to hens; and now, although they are my co-workers and business partners in the Ozarks, I am not especially fond of them. It is partly due to vanity. A hen is so humiliatingly feminine. Her important and perky little airs irritate me. To restore my self-esteem I find myself thinking when I am among the flock, "Mary Shelby, in spite of those ways so suggestive of you and your kind, you are not really like a hen. You have an immortal soul." I have frequent incursions on my soul since I have been a farm woman. The ways of fowls and animals so often resemble traits which we should so like to disown that a soul becomes one's most cherished possession. Always before I had taken mine for granted and been unostentatious about it.

Marthy is my prop and stay on the farm. She knows more than I, the Farmer, and the men all put together. The men do not like her for that reason. I keep her down by the weight of Government bulletins. I quote them so often that she confuses my knowledge with the wisdom of the Department of Agriculture. Marthy was a great disappointment when I first saw her. The Farmer, who had preceded me to Big Hawk Valley, had written: "I will have a husky country girl here when you come to take full charge of your part of the work." But the husky country girls had taken city jobs, leaving the weaker sisters for the heavier and less remunerative farm work. When I arrived, there was Marthy, eighteen years old, five feet in height, and weighing ninety pounds. She was pathetically anxious to please. On that first day I noticed that her eyes were red, and I inquired the cause. She responded, tearfully, "Oh, Mrs. Shelby, I have carried off my mother's needle, and she won't be able to finish the baby's dress." The mother had nine children and had done the family sewing for eight years with one needle. I sent a man straightway over the mountain with a case of assorted sizes, and Marthy beamed all day. She had not known that there were so many needles in the world. I have lived with her now for seven years, and under her instructions I have gained an idea of thrift born of necessity which makes some of our war practices seem like superficial and pretentious affectations.

My second lesson from Marthy was in economics. It came one evening in the late autumn when I accompanied her to the chicken-house. There were a number of hens sitting in their nests. They had a look of supreme satisfaction as they placidly and contemplatively gazed out on the great world. They had every appearance of not only doing their duty in the sphere of life to which they had been called, but of being fully conscious of the righteousness of their performances. My impulse was to stroke their plumage gently as a mark of my approbation, but Marthy seized them roughly in turn, jerked them out of their nests, and threw them under a large tub, evidently kept for the purpose, saying, "They'll know what's what when they've been fed on water for a couple of days." While she was talking she was putting a small board under one side of the tub for a breathing-space.

Marthy was always able to justify her actions. I did not like to criticise without Government backing. I could not remember that Secretary Houston had recom-

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mended such prison methods. "They're such idjuts, Mrs. Shelby! This ain't no time for hens to be settin'. They'd ought to be scratchin' around in the open gettin' exercise so's they'll keep on layin' eggs for us. Little chicks hatched out now would freeze to death. There's a time for everything."

It frightened me that the instincts of my new business partners were not reliable. While they were sitting in their nests, unmindful of their business of egg-laying, they were really promoting egg trusts and profiteers. I saw now that they had a real place in the economic world, and that I would have to put them in it.

I left Marthy to her feeding and went to my favorite spot on Big Hawk Creek. The necessity for straight thinking for the firm spurred me to action. A fellow-feeling for the hens came to me. Marthy had been doing just what the President of the State Suffrage Association had done to me the previous winter. She had given me a very definite feeling of having been snatched from my nest, and at the time I had not really got her point of view. It was high time for me to establish my own relation to the economic world, and here was a good place to begin. I found that as a producer I was doing all that an individual could to encourage speculation and high profits in eggs.

We had between four and five hundred chickens. The chief business of the farm was cattle raising. The Farmer was not to be diverted from his ideal of large accomplishments in this direction by what he considered an unimportant flock of hens. The roads were rough, and it would take a man a half-day to go to the nearest village to market eggs. So we had been doing what all the people around us did—selling eggs at a low price to a buyer who came regularly to collect them. They were bought by him for a storage-house and were undoubtedly sold for speculative prices when fresh eggs were unobtainable. The women found this a very easy way to dispose of their product and liked the method, in spite of low prices, because they received cash in payment. When the men did the marketing, there was an exchange made for groceries. This was not so interesting, even if the money had to be used later for the same articles.

I resolved upon reform. Since producers and consumers were not going in the right direction collectively, it was more than ever necessary that individuals should act. But I saw a real chance for co-operation which would make it easier for me and at the same time assist my neighbors.

Before I walked back to the house from the creek I had mapped out a plan whereby all of the Big Hawk Valley women and those on Goat Mountain would sell directly to my friends in the city a hundred miles distant. I talked it over carefully with the farm women first. We knew that our men would be able to alternate in taking the eggs to the station on the days agreed upon. The Government had, up to that time, refused to give us free delivery of mail, although we have it now. The Outlook has something to do with our good luck in obtaining the service, but that is another story.

My next step was to invite four of my city friends to the farm as representatives of our proposed customers and to bring about a meeting between them and the farm women. There were some things which had to be explained to the ultimate consumers; the country women tried very

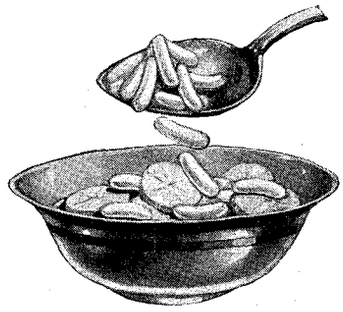
Surprises

You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

Some morning serve Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs in this way:

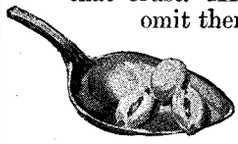
After crisping, douse with melted butter. Then add your cream and sugar.

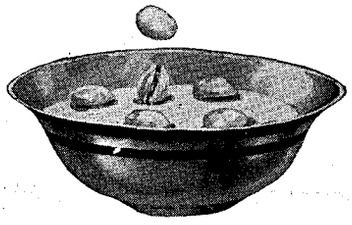
It will taste like a dish of confections. And men enjoy it just as much as children.



Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust. That's why we have pies, tarts and shortcakes.

These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust. After a test you will never omit them.



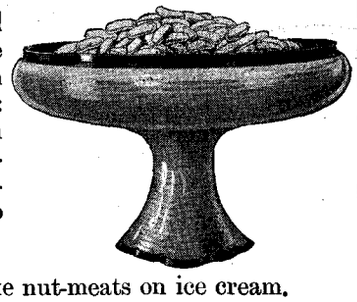


For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk. These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They are four times as porous as bread.

Children need whole wheat. They need the minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way they will revel in it.

After school surprise the children with these tidbits:

Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted butter. Let them eat like popcorn. Children can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' content — they so easily digest.



Scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.

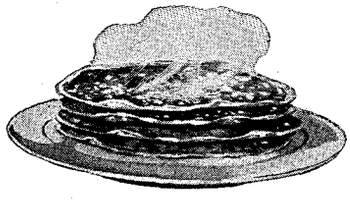
Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make the candy porous, light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat **Puffed Rice** **Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food cell blasted by Prof. Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and complete.

These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know them all.



Like Pancakes Made With Nuts

Now we make a pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. You never tasted pancakes such as folks make with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers (3290)

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"Sanatogen undoubtedly restores sleep, invigorates the nerves and braces the patient to health."

And also Olive Schreiner, the gifted writer, who says:

"Nothing that I have taken for years has given me such a sense of vigor as Sanatogen."

When all you need is a toning-up, you need Sanatogen.

Write for interesting booklet to

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Grand Prize, International Congress of Medicine, London, 1913.

THE FOOD-TONIC APPROVED BY SCIENCE

Sanatogen

Endorsed by Physicians the World Over

Weigh *what you* Should

If thin, *build up*. If burdened with excess flesh, *reduce!* Have an attractive *figure*. You CAN—as sure as sunrise. Let me explain how 92,000 refined women have done this; how *you* can do it. Simple, sure, effective. All in your own room—in a surprisingly short time.

Be Well
Why Not?

I build your vitality so that all sorts of physical ailments are relieved by Nature's methods—no drugs nor medicines. I strengthen your heart, teach you how to stand, to walk and breathe correctly. I have spent 16 years at this work—leading physicians endorse me. My booklet telling how to stand and walk correctly is free. Shall I mail it to you NOW? If later you desire my services you will find the cost most reasonable. Write me.

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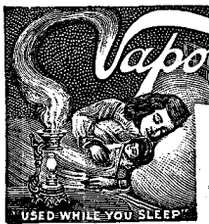
Miss Cocroft is a nationally recognized authority on conditioning women as our training camps have conditioned our men.

Vapo Cresolene



The Inhalation Treatment for Whooping-Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Colds, Catarrh, Asthma, Influenza, Coughs, Bronchitis.

Established 1879

Simple, safe and effective, avoiding internal drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene relieves the paroxysms of Whooping-Cough and Spasmodic Croup at once; it nips the common cold before it has a chance of developing into something worse, and experience shows that a *neglected cold is a dangerous cold.*

Mrs. Ballington Booth says: "**No family, where there are young children, should be without this lamp.**"

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inhaled with every breath, makes breathing easy and relieves the congestion, assuring restful nights.

It is called a *boon* by Asthma sufferers.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles, and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

It is a protection to those exposed.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 40 years of successful use.

Sold by Druggists. Send for descriptive booklet 31.

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated Throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada

THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE HEN

(Continued)

hard not to laugh at their appalling ignorance of the ways of hens. It was necessary for them to know that in the molting season there were few fresh eggs, also that the ordinary farm hen takes a vacation in very cold weather. If the average city woman knows these facts, she does not act intelligently upon her knowledge, and the profiteer takes advantage of her ignorance. I think the ways of hens would be a good subject for discussion in city clubs. I do, really!

It was surprisingly easy for me to make these plans and successfully carry them out, for Mary Shelby, city woman, and Mary Shelby, farm woman, understood each other so well that the co-operation between town and country was perfect, and that is what is needed. I am really mixed as to the person who took the initiative, but I am quite certain that as a usual thing the city woman should take the first steps. The country woman is a producer; that is her business. The economic part which the city housewife plays is that of buyer. There is very little necessity here for middlemen. In our large cities the storage of eggs is an essential, but through lack of vigilance upon the part of buyers storage-houses have become a convenience for profiteers, and so a menace. We shall have to do some back-stepping to overcome the evil, but it can be done. The purchaser seems to think he can secure results by punishing the profiteer and speeding the farm woman and hen to extra production. There is little evidence that he is preparing to work a reformation in his own primitive and unorganized methods of buying. The farm women resent the call for extra production when they read in the same paper of the almost unbelievable number of eggs found in storage.

We have quadrupled the number of eggs produced in our part of the Ozarks since our co-operative plan has been in operation. This would seem to show that extra production comes almost automatically when marketing conditions are right and fair prices obtain.

A REFLECTIVE PIANO

BY TUDOR JENKS

Wilkins Crossing was a mining town in the West, and until the arrival of Mabel Wentworth's grand piano its orchestra had been a broken fiddle, several mouth-organs, and a jew's-harp or two.

Sam Wentworth could afford this birthday present to his daughter, for his mine was making good. He was enterprising, as the grand piano proved.

Mabel had been educated in the Eastern States, and was an excellent performer upon the instrument. The town was proud of her and glad when she came back from school.

The piano was put near the front windows in the living-room, opposite the big stone fireplace, where it reflected the whole room as if it were a darkened mirror.

During the evening Sam usually sat in the dining-room, across the hallway, where he could smoke at ease while Mabel was playing. Often there would be no light but the blazing fire upon the hearth, and Sam would sit silent while he watched the firelight as it was reflected in the polished side of the piano.

There were a few young men who would drop in now and again for the evening,

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and it was not hard to guess why. One of the most frequent of these callers was Allen Dwight, a young mining engineer, a man Sam liked, but who lacked any resources but his earnings. Whether Mabel liked him was the question that was puzzling Sam. He decided to find out, if possible, for that little girl's future happiness meant more to him than anything in the world. He took up the subject one Sunday on their way home from church.

"I suppose Dwight will be around as usual this evening?" he remarked.

"Did you want to see him?" Mabel asked.

"Not particularly. But he is a clever fellow and has a practical head on his shoulders. He may be able to give me some suggestions about my plan for the electric lighting and power plant. He has plenty of fun in him, too. That is no small asset in life."

"Yes, he is good fun."

Just then a friend joined them, and Sam Wentworth was as much in the dark as ever concerning his daughter's attitude toward her frequent caller.

As usual, Allen Dwight arrived promptly at eight o'clock that Sunday evening. After a few moments' talk upon matters far wide of the subject that lay closest to his heart, Sam went into the dining-room and settled down with his pipe and a book on "Water-Power and Electricity." The young people went to the piano. After Mabel had played a few selections, Allen suggested that they return to the fireplace, where a bright wood-fire was blazing. Presently their voices became inaudible to Sam. His book dropped to his knee, and he began to think of his own courtship days long ago, when that region was wild and primitive. His wife had died when Mabel was a tiny child, and old memories crowded thick and fast. As he thought his eyes wandered aimlessly.

Suddenly his gaze became fixed on the piano. It marked the difference between the old pioneer times and the present. Sam noted the polish and how clearly it reflected the bright flames of the fire. Then he saw in the reflection that the heads of the young people were plainly silhouetted against the bright background of the brilliant fireplace. It made a pretty picture. They drew closer and closer together.

Sam sat up straight and laid aside his pipe. His whole world was changed by that reflection in the piano's shining surface.

Sam Wentworth was a practical, forehanded man. He instantly decided upon a course of action, though he need not have felt unduly hurried. It was long past ten o'clock before the young people came back to the world of reality and Allen *began* to say good-night. As they came out into the hall Sam called:

"Dwight, have you a moment to spare? There is something I wished to talk over with you."

"Yes, indeed," and the young engineer entered the dining-room.

"I'm thinking, as I believe I told you a while ago, of using the creek to furnish electricity for the town. What do you think can be done?"

Dwight at once entered upon the subject with enthusiasm, talking with a clear-headedness that convinced Sam that the project was not only feasible but a good business venture.

"That settles it in my mind. It shall be done, but I must have a man I can depend upon to carry it through. May I count upon you? This means that you will have

THE SOCIETY OF FREE STATES

By

Dwight W. Morrow

$1.35

"Mr. Morrow was in Europe . . . for several months, with the Allied Maritime Transport Council, and he was enabled to study the whole problem of peace in most favorable circumstances. His work is of much value and he presents his opinions clearly and frankly."
Philadelphia Record.

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"Mr. Morrow . . . presents the problem of world organization in a manner understandable to all, but with a grasp of principles and care in logical presentation which lifts his book well out of the class of much League of Nations literature. It is not propaganda, but exposition. . . . Those interested in the problem of a League of Nations, and they are many, will thank Mr. Morrow for preparing this book at the present time." *N. Y. Evening Post.*

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We now have three new colors—pink, yellow and scarlet, as well as crimson. All these colors mixed. **20 cts. per pkt.**
With each order we send 1 trial pkt. each of **Giant Kochia,** most decorative foliage annual. **Salvia Hybrids,** white, pink, striped, scarlet, plumed, etc., mixed. **Japan Iris,** new hybrids, all colors. Magnificent. **Giant Centaurea,** superb for garden or vases.
And our Big Catalog, all for 20 cts.
Big Catalog, free. All flower and vegetable seeds, bulbs, plants and new berries. We grow the finest Gladioli, Dahlias, Cannas, Irises, Peonies, Perennials, Shrubs, Vines, Ferns, Peas, Asters, Pansies, etc. All special prize strains, and many sterling novelties.
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McCutcheon's

Initial Showing of New Dress Cottons for 1920

JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO. announce their opening display of 1920 Dress Cottons and Linens presenting a most unusual collection of exclusive fabrics from France, Switzerland, Great Britain, Japan and America.

English Prints

Of special interest is the new collection of "English Prints" shown in a superb assortment of new and original color combinations producing the quaint designs so peculiar to these fabrics.

Equally interesting are the assortments of St. Gall Dotted Swisses—"Permanent Finish" Swiss Organdies—French and English Novelties—Imported and American Dress Ginghams—Irish Dimities—Japanese Crepes—Imported Ratine—White and Colored Dress Linens.

Special Collection
French Novelty Cottons

From two of the leading French manufacturers we have secured 10,000 yards of very desirable Cotton Fabrics, consisting of Voiles and Crepes in printed, woven, and embroidered effects, in a most pleasing range of new color combinations, 40 to 42 inches wide, at the ***special price of $2.25 a yard.***

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Department of Classified Advertising,
THE OUTLOOK, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York

A REFLECTIVE PIANO

(Continued)

to remain here for a long time to come. Are you willing, Dwight?"

"Gladly, sir," said Dwight, eagerly. "In fact, I was—"

"One moment, please. You sit here where I was. And while I speak to Mabel I want you to admire the beautiful polish of our new piano, Dwight. It shines like a mirror."

Thereupon Wentworth went into the other room, and going to the fireside suggested that his daughter prepare a little supper before they separated. She agreed, and her father bent down and kissed her. Then they returned to the dining-room, and Mabel left to arrange the supper

"Well, Dwight, what do you think of the piano?" Wentworth inquired, with the suspicion of a smile.

"It certainly does produce reflections," Dwight answered, as he too smiled. Then he went on: "And, Mr. Wentworth, I was about to tell you that, so far as remaining here is concerned, Mabel is willing if you are."

"Oh, I've no objections if she is satisfied. Only—perhaps we'd better move the piano a little?"

"No reflections on me?" Dwight asked.

"None whatever," Wentworth replied. "I'm inclined to think the piano has saved a lot of time and misunderstanding. There's nothing I wouldn't do for that girl of mine. I hope you'll be worthy of her."

"I'll do my best, sir."

But somebody else played the wedding-march on her piano, for Mabel was the bride.

CENTENARIES OF 1920

The two most noteworthy centenaries of this year are those of the birth of William T. Sherman on February 8, 1820, and the death of Daniel Boone on September 26, 1820. Of all the persons whose names grace the panels of the Hall of Fame for Great Americans, these are the only ones whose birth or death occurred in 1820. Sherman is one of five full generals of whom the United States is proud to boast. The deeds of Boone, who emigrated to Missouri, then a Spanish possession, are known to every schoolboy.

On February 15, 1820, Susan B. Anthony was born. The work begun by her will be consummated in the Nineteenth Amendment to the Constitution. On March 22, 1820, Stephen Decatur was killed in a duel with James Barron. Only a few years before he had forced the Dey of Algiers to renounce tribute from the United States.

In England, on April 27, 1820, was born the synthetic philosopher, Herbert Spencer. At Florence, in May, 1820, was born the famous nurse, Florence Nightingale. In Ireland, on August 21, 1820, occurred the birth of the distinguished physicist, John Tyndall. In Sweden, on October 6, 1820, Jenny Lind, the famous singer, first saw the light.

Memorable events one, two, and three centuries ago from this year are the landing of the Pilgrims from the Mayflower in 1620; the South Sea Bubble, which collapsed in 1720, causing distress throughout England; and the Missouri Compromise of 1820.

The memory of the lives and deeds of the dim past which led life upward should cause all true Americans not to hold back in fear from the future.

Buffalo, New York. G. R. GREEN.

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A CONTEST WITH SQUIRRELS FOR NUTS

BY JOHN T. BARTLETT

Wild animals do not only compete among themselves for food, leading to a very definite natural regulation of numbers within a given region, but they compete with man also. And not always by any means is the victory won by humans. A typical contest, particularly interesting because it occurs without exception every autumn and is waged on thousands of farms, is between squirrels and the farm family for the pasture nuts. The common red squirrel, a bright-eyed, beautiful little animal, full of lively spirits, is of much more consequence on the animal side than the larger gray squirrel. Much hunted, the gray squirrel is scarce in many localities, and in others is of much warier habits than the red squirrel.

Squirrels subsist on various seeds besides those of the nut trees. But their preference is strong for hickory-nuts and butternuts. These are large-sized nuts, plentifully supplied with edible content. They are usually found on the border-line between wild land and cultivated land—fairly convenient to the squirrels.

No thrifty farm family ever lets the nut crop go to the squirrels without some effort. The labor of gathering can reasonably be delegated to the young folks, with whom time is not spoken for by more important work. As for the squirrels, the attraction of the nut trees is an obvious one.

It would seem an unequal contest, because a bunch of boys can club and shake down, pick up, and carry home in an afternoon many more nuts than a tribe of squirrels can handle in days. It would seem practical to note carefully the progress of ripening, and as the first killing frosts came to advance on the nut trees and carry off the entire crop before the squirrels had opportunity. But any versatile farm boy will tell you that it doesn't work this way in real life. Not by twenty jugfuls!

The canniness of the squirrels rises to the situation. They do not wait until the nuts are ripe to begin harvest, despite the fact that the green nut in its oily, heavy shuck must be cut from the branch, and then represents thrice the labor in transportation that the ripe, shelled nut involves. The squirrels begin to harvest hickory-nuts long before the frosts come, at a time when it is impractical for either boys or grown-ups to harvest them. In this busy pre-frost period make the round of the nut trees on a moonlight night. You will find the busy little animals at work in all of them.

The unshucked hickory-nuts are concealed by the squirrels in stone walls, around stumps, beneath pine-needles, or old, rotting leaves. There by due slow process they ripen. And the squirrels well remember the hiding-places!

There are Eastern farms on which squirrels are especially numerous and nut trees in only moderate number, where the farm family never obtains more than a quarter of the nut crop. On some farms ingenious boys have never found ways to obtain more than a tenth of the crop. The division of the crop is ordinarily determined by the number of squirrels in relation to the number of nut trees. If the ratio favors the nut trees, the farm family has a good chance, but otherwise it hasn't. The squirrels get what they need, and the farm family takes the rest. That is the result in many instances.

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IN THE CURRENT

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"Guide Posts and Camp Fires"

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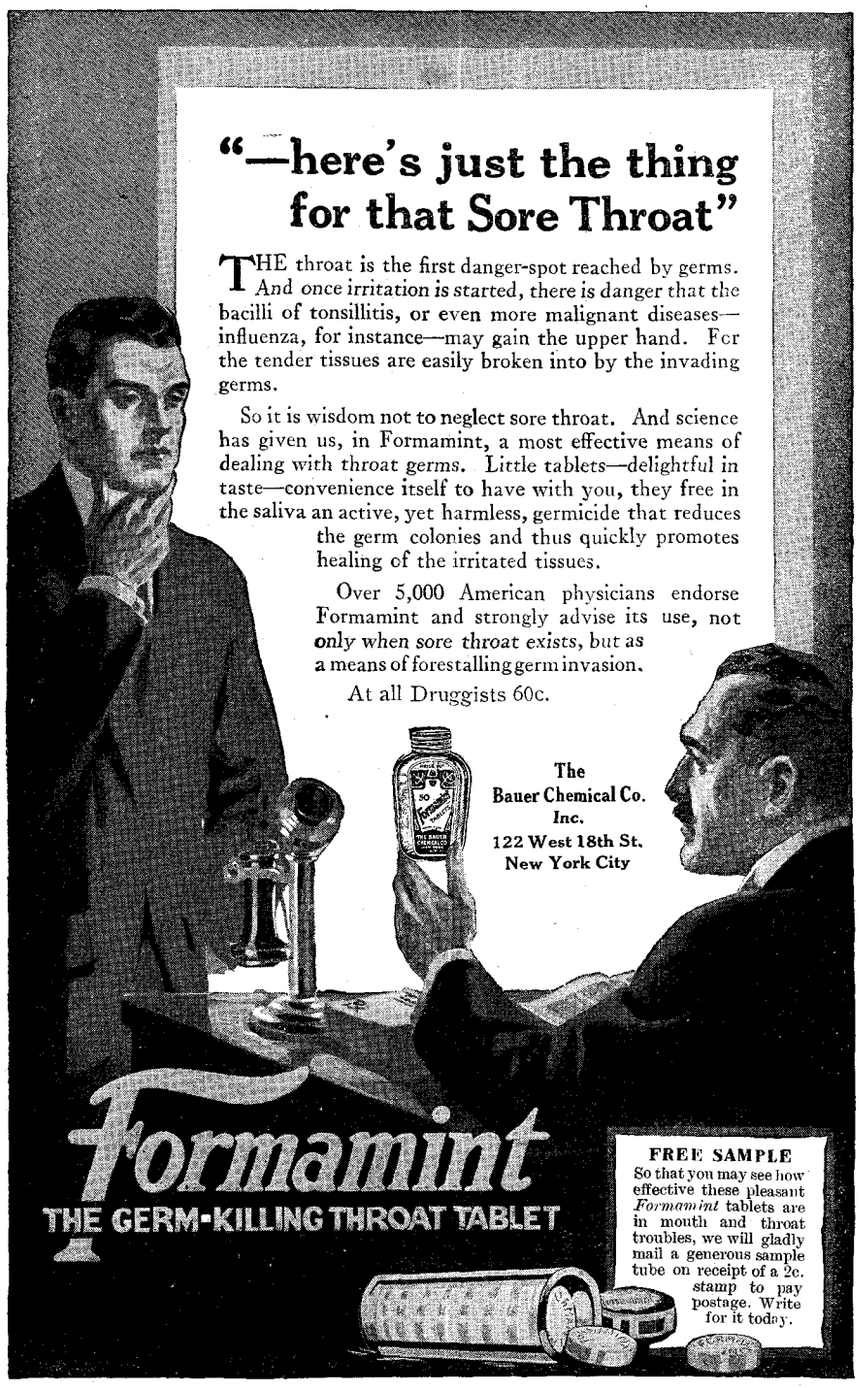
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THE throat is the first danger-spot reached by germs. And once irritation is started, there is danger that the bacilli of tonsillitis, or even more malignant diseases—influenza, for instance—may gain the upper hand. For the tender tissues are easily broken into by the invading germs.
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BY THE WAY

A new attempt to solve the domestic service problem is indicated in the following advertisement printed in a New York City daily:

> Houseworkers Wanted—Part time houseworkers, to do chamber work and dining-room work; six-day week, day divided into shifts, from 7:30 A.M. to 2:30, and 2:30 P.M. to 9:30 P.M.; paid 40 cents an hour; no meals provided; private family in apartment; careful references required.

This, it will be seen, would give each worker $16.80 for a six-day week, seven-hour schedule; but no meals are furnished during the long seven-hour shift, and this seems to be the weak point of the scheme.

An advertisement in a Brooklyn paper indicates the rising scale of wages and privileges offered under the old system of housework:

> Young girl wanted for general housework. Scandinavian preferred; wages $60, off every evening if desired; no washing or ironing.

"The Writer" announces prizes for literary work ranging from $10,000 offered by the "Detective Story Magazine" for the best detective story, down to "one dollar each week-day for a poem written by a 'Boston Evening Record' reader." Of the dozens of prizes offered by various magazines and papers one of the most peculiar is that of the "Etude"—$10, $5, or a year's subscription for the best letters on "How I Collect My Bills."

What invention deserves the greatest return from a grateful public? "Punch" names a winner. "Fortunes," it says, "are waiting for really useful inventions, according to a writer in a technical journal. We certainly agree that any one who can invent a method by which a sleeper can be disturbed by his own snoring deserves a substantial reward."

In September of last year one passenger train in every six on the railways of the United States was late in reaching its final terminal. The number of trains thus delayed amounted to 50,034, according to the "Railway Age." This means that in that month at least 3,750,000 people were inconvenienced and irritated by these late trains. A movement has been started by the Railroad Administration to remedy the trouble, which is one of long standing.

We find this in a humorous weekly, headed "No Point:"

> A funny old man told this to me
> I fell in a snowdrift in June said he
> I went to a ball game out in the sea
> I saw a jelly-fish float up in a tree
> I found some gum in a cup of tea
> I stirred my milk with a brass key
> I opened my door on my bended knee
> I beg your pardon for this said he
> But 'tis true when told as it ought to be
> 'Tis a puzzle in punctuation you see

Here are some scraps of humor from current issues of foreign papers:

From the "World," of London:

"What did Mr. Harris give his wife for her birthday?"

"He took her to a shop and told her to choose the best thing they'd got."

"How lovely! Was it a jeweler's?"

"No, a shilling bazaar."

"Naggen," of Stockholm, Sweden:

"Apropos of the memoirs of Ludendorff, Tirpitz, etc.—it seems to be the German

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fashion to beat swords into steel pens instead of into plowshares."

From "Le Pêle-Mêle," of Paris:

In the Shoe Emporium. Customer—"Five hundred francs for a pair of boots! That's very dear!" Salesman—"But consider, monsieur, between them they make up the best part of a calf."

From "Sondags Nisse," of Stockholm, Sweden:

"The gods of the North—Formerly: Odin, Tor, and Balder. Now: Football, Feasting, and Film."

From "Exlex," of Copenhagen, Denmark:

Indignant Householder, to his Son and Heir—"How could you interfere with the servant? I tell you, if anything happens it is *you* who will have to leave the house. We can't lose a servant nowadays!"

"Exlex" also prints the following underneath a picture of a very small child speaking to a large, shocked saleswoman. It is to be hoped that this type of child is peculiar to Scandinavian countries:

The Modern Child (at the toy store)—"I want a little doll, please, which will say 'dammit' when I hit it."

From "Blighty," of London:

Nervous Employer—"Thomas, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work."

Office Boy—"I ain't working, sir; I'm only just whistling."

And this:

Wife—"I couldn't get any coals, dear, but I've done the next best thing."

Hubby—"Oh! what's that?"

Wife—"I've bought the most lovely set of furs imaginable."

From "De Notenkraker," of Amsterdam, Holland:

The Profiteer (at the Theater)—"Democracy has its good points. Last year I was in the gallery. This year I am in the Royal box."

From "London Opinion:"

Bachelor Curate (on being shown three-months-old baby during his first pastoral visit to the poor)—"And is this the youngest?"

Also this variation of the "green eye" *motif:*

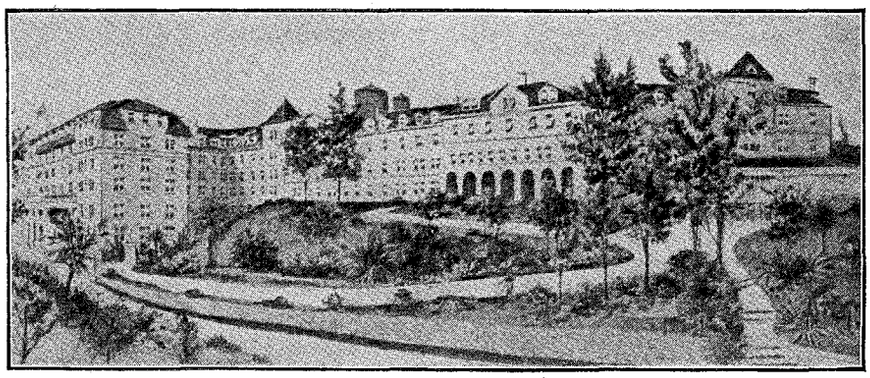
She (watching the dance)—"I just love to sit and watch the people dance."

He—"Yes! I can't dance these new steps either."

"We have lost no bridges by storm before in twenty years," says a Camp Hill, Alabama, subscriber. "Now nearly all the highway bridges have been washed away by the storm of December 7–9. The Tallapoosa River, at the confluence of the Coosa, is ordinarily an eighth of a mile wide. On December 11 it had risen over sixty feet and covered ground for a width of five miles. There is great suffering throughout the lower South—hundreds of farmsteads left bare and desolate. The weather all the fall had been very fine."

Bad weather in France brings the comforting reflection that the war is over and the soldiers' miseries, at least, are ended. A motorist writing to an English paper says of a recent storm: "We left Boulogne in the face of the worst snow-storm they have had for years, and passed numerous cars that were stranded in the snow, which was two feet deep. Our trip included Arras, Lens, Lille. The snow was so deep that we lost our exhaust, and on arriving in Brussels at 11:30 that night were covered from head to tail-lamp in snow and mud."

"40 hours from frost to flowers"



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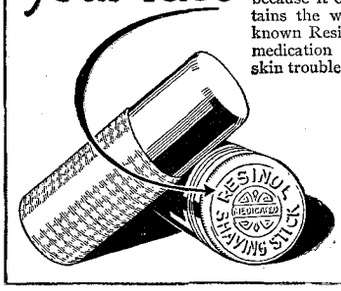

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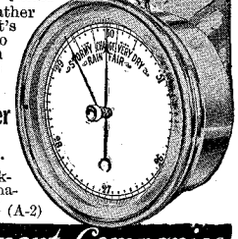

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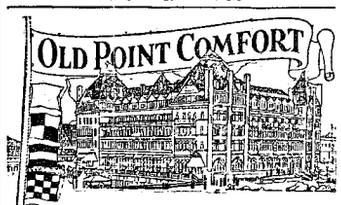

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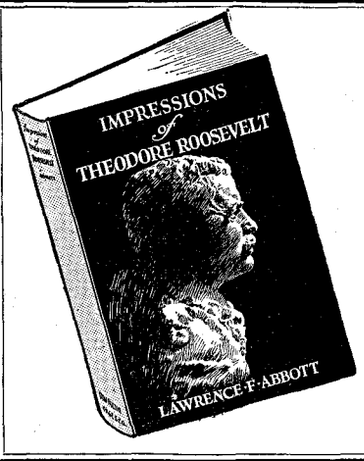

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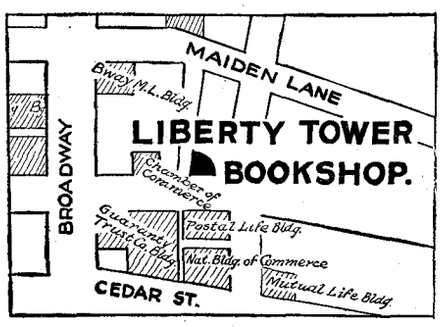

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